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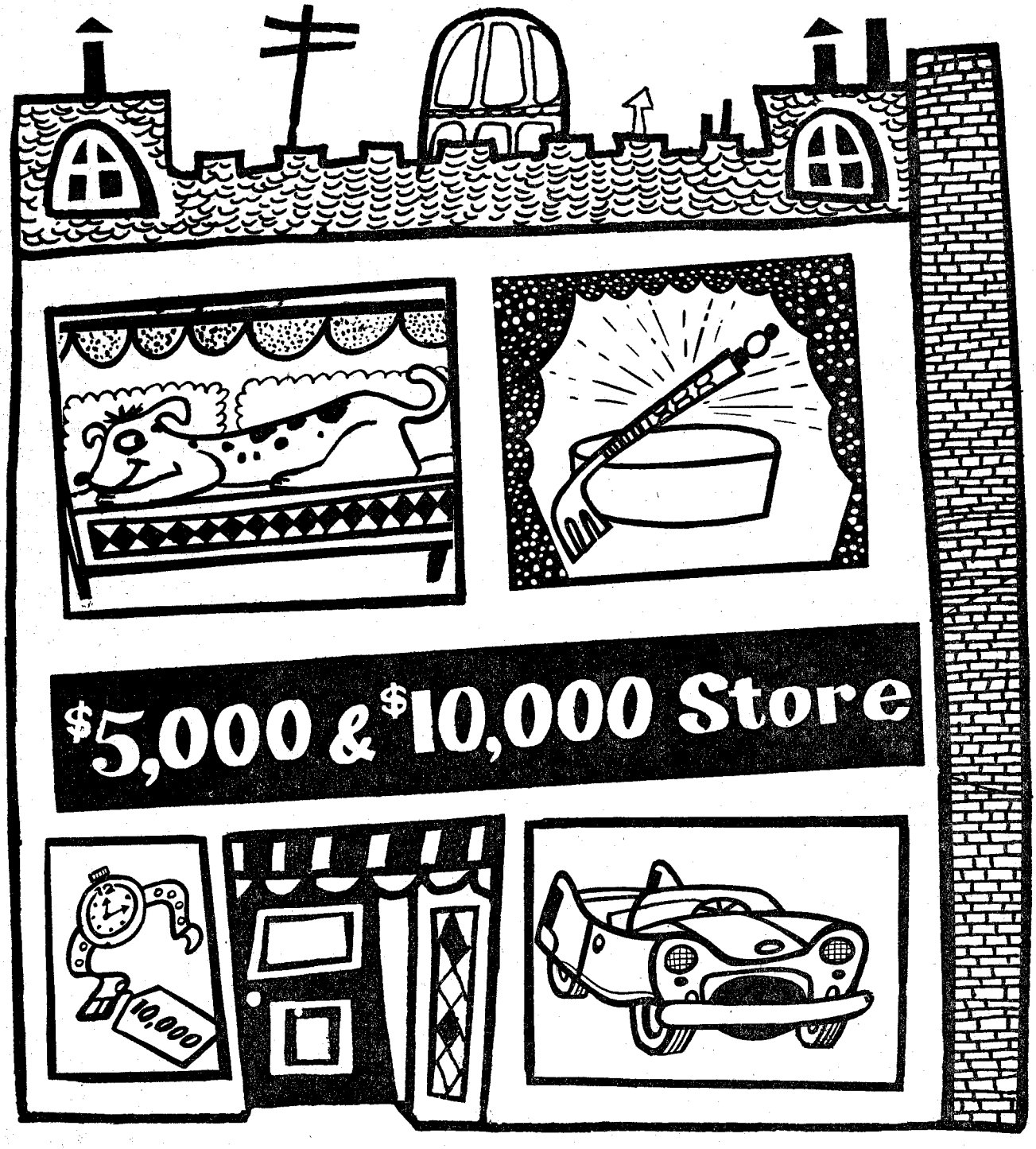

CONSPICUOUS CONSUMPTION: 1957

by A. Kent MacDougall

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LETTER from WARSAW

Alexander Werth

Warsaw

"WE WOULD rather live dangerously than conform," a Polish friend said to me the day I landed in Warsaw. But he added: "Dangerously — but not recklessly or irresponsibly. We don't want to find ourselves again in the position of 1939 when, just to show what grand guys we were, we attacked Hitler's tanks with cavalry."

A few days later, Wladyslaw Gomulka won an overwhelming election victory. The significance of this election was obvious to everybody: it was less an election than a referendum in favor of "Poland's sovereignty and independence."

The Russians know, of course, that the Poles are temperamentally anti-Russian; but they also know, as do the Poles, that the maintenance of the Oder-Niesse frontier depends entirely on the Kremlin's goodwill. As a result, the Russians like to think that the Poles will not dare go "too far," while the Poles know that the Russian alliance is, for them, an inevitable evil.

It will be one of Gomulka's tasks, in the months ahead, to try to limit the anti-Russian currents in Poland. What worries the Russians most is not the inarticulate Russophobia of the Polish peasant or the old-fashioned anti-Russian nationalism among the survivors of the "old colonels" caste, but the anti-Russian revolt of the Polish intellectual élite—including many who only a short while ago were stalwart Stalinists. Herein lies Gomulka's chief problem. Russia has to be humored; it has to be appeased and reassured. And to achieve this—according to many Poles to whom I have talked—the Polish Premier may have to get tough with his intellectual compatriots.

In Hungary, the Russians looked upon the intellectuals as their No. 1 enemy. It is the same here. Even before the elections, Gomulka had some stormy sessions with the editorial board of *Po Prostu,* which with its half-million readers is by far the most influential Polish weekly. I met its editor, Eligiusz Lasota, a frail-looking youth of twenty-seven, now a deputy in Parliament. Like the rest of the *Po Prostu* staff, he is a disillusioned Stalinist. His and his co-workers' reaction against Russia and in favor of Polish independence is so violent that, on one occasion, Gomulka argued with them through the night until four in the morning. Finally the Premier slammed the door, shouting that if the staff imagined he was going to restore bourgeois democracy in Poland it was very much mistaken.

To appease the Russians, Gomulka may have to fight not only *Po Prostu,* but *Przeglad Kulturalny* and *Nowa Kultura,* two other weeklies of overwhelming importance in the country. He will certainly refuse Lasota's demand that government press censorship be abolished. The censorship may, if anything, get tougher, for up till now it has certainly given these papers extraordinary latitude. In November, Woroszylski, editor of *Nowa Kultura,* published the most detailed and terrifying accounts of events in Hungary which had devastatingly anti-Russian effects all over Poland. And in *Przeglad Kulturalny* the well-known writer Slonimski, president of the Writer's Union, put forward the heretical idea that it was just as immoral to treat one generation as "manure" for the next as it would be treat the Greeks, say, as "manure" for the Turks: the only difference was that one dealt in terms of time, the other in terms of space.

MEANTIME Gomulka plans to reorganize Poland along new lines. Sure, Poland is to remain Socialist. But collectivization, with few exceptions, has been a failure, and most of the collective farms are to be dissolved. Already Nowak and others are screaming that the Polish village is "returning to capitalism." Even from the intellectuals there has come some severe criticism of Gomulka's church policy; by making religious education optional in elementary schools, he has in fact made it compulsory so far as the small towns are concerned. For there a minor "terror" has been unleashed by the "clerical" children against the minority of "anti-clerical" youngsters.

Poland's primary worry for this year is, I think, this: Will the Russians decide that, on balance, it is better to have a reluctant Poland as an ally than to make it an open enemy by setting up a Kadar government in Warsaw? I wish I could say that I am a hundred per cent certain that the Russians will leave Poland in peace. I cannot be certain, and the doubt is agonizing. For Poland's young generation is admirable in its search for truth and justice. Their Students' Theatre has coined a beautiful anti-Stalinist slogan: "There is a colossal future in thinking"—the kind of thinking (as is so often remarked here) which, in Russia, still ranks as a black-market commodity.

ALEXANDER WERTH, The Nation's *Paris correspondent, has had extensive journalistic experience in Eastern Europe.*

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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

The American Interest

In his address to the nation on the Middle Eastern crisis, President Eisenhower has defined the essential American interest in the immediate issue. Three power gambits have shaped the issue. One is the effort of the Arab nations to isolate Israel. Another is the effort of the USSR and its bloc to force the United States to back Israel in a manner that will forfeit its influence with many of the so-called uncommitted nations. These moves in turn have created a situation in which both Democratic and Republican leaders seek personal and partisan political advantage in the President's dilemma. The immediate problem does not turn on the opening of the Suez Canal; Egypt's interests alone insure that the canal will be opened. It does not turn on the security of Israel; the United States and its allies stand firmly committed to Israel's protection. It relates to the insistence by the U.N. that Israel pull back its forces within the Armistice lines.

The pendency of other vital issues before the U.N. cannot be permitted to obscure this immediate issue on which the future of the world organization may well turn. The U.N. cannot be put in the position of simultaneously considering and resolving all pending problems as a precondition to the resolution of the immediate one. If this were possible, a case might be made for such a policy; but practically speaking it is not. For better or worse, the immediate issue turns on the withdrawal of Israeli forces and it was with this that the President was forced to deal. His task was made more difficult by reason of the premature talk about sanctions and the proposal to test the right of "innocent passage" in the Gulf of Aqaba—and for both difficulties he may thank Mr. Dulles. Nor was his burden lightened by reason of the fact that Mr. Dulles is now distrusted in the Senate, by the leaders of both parties, to almost the same degree that he is distrusted at the U.N. and in most capitals.

The President's statement has not prejudged, as we read it, the issue of sanctions. This is an issue in itself. Numerous alternatives are involved, some of which might well be coupled with additional specific assurances to Israel, or might be made to turn on carefully timed, reciprocal actions. The history of sanctions at the League of Nations provides the most cogent argument for proceeding with the utmost care and caution in this direction. But as this is written (the morning after the President's speech), we do not understand that Mr. Eisenhower has committed American support to any proposal on sanctions.

In any case this is not today's—this hour's—problem. The urgency of the issue with which the President was forced to deal relates to the U.N.'s prior insistence, backed by a heavy vote, on the withdrawal of British, French and Israeli forces. A preponderant U.N. opinion is insistent on this point. In pondering the American position, the President concluded that preservation of the United Nations was the overriding consideration. He is fully aware of Senator Knowland's determination, by unabashed demagoguery, to use the crisis to turn the U.N. into an anti-Soviet alliance or to destroy it. In electing to back the world body, the President has safeguarded the long term Israeli as well as the American interest. To establish a clear moral and principled position on the basis of which it can demand, and will have earned, the U.N.'s and this country's unqualified backing, thereby escaping from its present defensive isolation, Israel should withdraw its forces. In this respect, its basic interest, like that of the United States, is in a strengthened United Nations.

McDonald's Nightmare

The dimensions of David J. McDonald's nightmare —the rank-and-file Protest movement which sought to unseat him as president of the United Steelworkers—are growing as each day passes. As of last week, unofficial returns gave McDonald 163,580 votes to 84,403 for Donald C. Rarick, cutting the president's lead below a 2-1 majority. In District 15, just outside of Pittsburgh, the Protest candidate for district director has soundly thumped McDonald's man, John Sullivan, by 14,000 to 6,500, with thirty-five of the forty-seven locals reporting, including all of the big locals. There have already been rumors that McDonald's administration may try to alter the outcome there to re-seat Sullivan, and the Protest leaders have announced they will take the matter to court if any move is made to deny their man the victory.

No matter what happens in that particular district, Rarick, the rebel who opposed McDonald on the Dues Protest ticket, is planning to go to court to contest the voting reports in several Midwest districts. Rarick

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and his attorney last week visited the Chicago-Gary area, where McDonald's cohort, Joe Germano, reported a 35-1 majority for the president. They came up with charges of fraud in some of the ballot counting. Rarick's attorney, James A. Ashton, says he has sworn evidence that one local of 1,100 members had its vote sent in for McDonald without an open election being held; he alleged that the local president called a meeting of only thirty members who voted support for McDonald.

Many of the locals had still not turned in their voting reports last week, and Rarick's forces have declared they will look upon failure to submit results as fraud. The deadline for turning in local results to the international headquarters for official tabulation was last Friday. The international tellers, according to the union constitution, do not have to announce the official final results until May 1. Once the results are submitted to headquarters, the counting is under the supervision of the Honest Ballot Association, but the association has no control over what happened in the 2,750 locals throughout the country—how their reports were turned in, or whether they were turned in at all.

The confusion and conflict over the first presidential race in the history of the Steelworkers will obviously be going on for a long time to come. One thing is clear, and its details will sharpen in the weeks ahead: David McDonald, the $50,000-a-year union president, has a nightmare surge of opposition on his hands, and it is one that won't be easily dispelled.

Barricades Are Obsolete

Machine guns, tanks and tear gas were supposed to have made it impossible for unarmed citizens to successfully defy, much less overthrow, a modern police state. But in Barcelona nearly a million and a half people have discovered a means of resistance that has Franco & Company thoroughly baffled. On January 14 a boycott of buses began when fares were increased from sixty to eighty *centimos*. The boycotters have carefully avoided violence. Large police details stand idly at major intersections as heavily guarded but conspicuously empty buses roll down the streets. In South Africa, 60,000 Africans have launched a bus boycott in Johannesburg and Pretoria in protest against an increase of twopence a day in fares. The South African authorities are making the capital mistake of invoking violence to crush a non-violent protest movement, thereby converting an economic issue into a major political struggle. Thus non-violence, which Gandhi first used as a technique while working for Indian immigration in South Africa and later carried with him to India, has now returned to Africa by way of Montgomery, Alabama, and Tallahassee, Florida, and is proving its effectiveness in Spain.

The bus boycott has obvious advantages as a non-violent tactic. It can be quickly organized by word-of-mouth; mass meetings, leaflets and organization are not necessary. It imposes hardships but minimizes risk. The leadership is not conspicuous. It challenges authority obliquely on a specific issue—segregated seating, a rise in fare or the like—which usually has a strong appeal in itself. It can paralyze a city. It is dramatic. It gives people a sense of power and, at the same time, builds unity and discipline. And it cannot be crushed by force. The tyranny of the modern police state may be invulnerable to direct attack, but the bus boycotts are demonstrating that it can be circumvented by the inventive application of non-violent tactics.

The Non-Secret Spy

The children of Pearl River, N.Y., are now monitored in study hall by a television camera fixed in a corner of the room, the receiving screen being on a table in the principal's office. This installation, which frees a teacher for other duties, is an adaptation, says the *New York Times*, of the anti-shoplifter cameras now replacing plainclothes cops in department stores.

Children should not throw spitballs during study periods, adults should not lift small, likely objects from show counters, and electronic eyes are probably at least as good as human eyes for discouraging these practices. Nevertheless this camera supervision is all wrong. Free people instinctively, and properly, resent being watched by someone who is himself invisible; we call it being spied on and recognize it as a kind of invasion of privacy that takes place right out in public. Electronic engineers and the even newer engineers of human behaviour can think of hundreds of ingenious uses for the snooping camera, and before long we shall be watched through a TV keyhole from morning to night and from the cradle to the grave. It is not only wrong, it is sneaky and very probably un-American, and the time to stop it is right at the start. Put the teachers back at their desks and the flatfeet back in the store aisles, and let us not trade any more of our dignity for mass-age efficiency.

Mien vs. Meaning

Since most Americans do not purport to understand Soviet foreign policy we are constantly apprehensive about its direction. This in turn creates a pre-disposition to read extravagant meaning into headlines which emanate from Moscow. In the inter-war period, dark secrets became the stock-in-trade of correspondents who specialized in the art of interpreting such esoteric data as the nods, winks and smiles of diplomats. But nowadays character-reading, necromancy and graphology have been brought into service as auxiliary journalistic skills to aid in interpreting equivocal developments in the USSR. For example: Is the post-Geneva "thaw" to be succeeded by a "re-freeze"? Is the cold war to be resumed? Answers to

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these questions were being sought last week not in a general analysis of developments but in frenzied attempts to understand the meaning of Dmitri Shepilov's replacement as Soviet Foreign Minister by Andrei A. Gromyko. Much of this speculation is fascinating, but do the Soviets operate their diplomacy on football's two-platoon system, substituting "offensive" for "defensive" squads with each shift in policy? If so, then their diplomacy is less enigmatic than we had imagined. For us to operate on such a hypothesis is to give the Soviets the power to practice unconscionable psychological warfare by merely shifting personnel in the foreign office. It may be that the appointment of Gromkyo heralds the onset of a new ice age, but if it does the Russians are acting strangely in other respects. The changes associated with the designation of Mikhail Peruvkhin as head of the State Planning Commission —a scaling down in production goals, cutbacks in industrial production, a greater emphasis on retail trade —hardly indicate that new aggressive designs of a military character are being hatched in Moscow. On the contrary, these developments suggest that the Russians, not unlike the British, and not unlike quite a number of Senators and Representatives in Washington, are beginning to have serious misgivings about the constantly increasing burden of arms expenditures. It might be more profitable, therefore, to concentrate on the meaning of the Peruvkhin innovations than to ferret out the dread implications of Mr. Gromkyo's "frozen mien."

Brains Socko in Show Biz

Stark, naked brain power is beginning to pay off in the United States. On the East Coast, the popular hero of the hour is Charles Van Doren, a $4,000-a-year college professor who has manipulated an almost grotesque command of scattered information into a television prize already worth more than $100,000 and at this writing still on the rise. And from Las Vegas the Flamingo Hotel has sent out a call for comely girls (slight knowledge of dancing desirable) who hold doctorate degrees to appear in a floor show called the Hi Phi Betas. The Flamingo has already hired six of these intelligent beauties, but needs ten more.

There is an odor of commercialism about this enthusiasm for higher cerebration, but we don't spurn progress because it is tinged with bunkum. Mr. Van Doren's encyclopedism is surely a more appetizing example for the young than the sinuosity of Mr. Presley, and old sports may ogle a silken limb with less self-reproach when the can-can kicks are controlled by a mind of Ph.D. calibre. If brains are selling high in show business, they may be due for a rise on the Hill.

LABOR RACKETS, INC. . . *by Sidney Lens*

It would be nice if the McClellan committee would expose every labor racketeer in the country and toss him, head over boots, clear into perdition.

It would be nice, but it won't happen.

It won't happen because labor racketeering is part of a large social cancer—the national crime syndicate. And no one—not even Kefauver —has as yet really investigated the syndicate and its fantastic interconnections with influential politicians and affluent business men.

The popular image of a labor racketeer is a slap-happy pug, pistol bulging from his holster, who terrorizes hapless entrepreneurs to extort bribes. There are, of course, such gentlemen among the genus "labor racketeer," but their number is minute and their mortality rate exceedingly high. The more practiced labor racketeer is not a pug—he has "connections." He is no pariah, he has friends—real friends among the high and mighty. Testifying on behalf of a suspended unionist a few weeks ago was a top management attorney who represents the largest chain of department stores in his city, and who has a long anti-labor record. The owner of the department store was himself co-chairman last year of a testimonial dinner for Jimmy Hoffa. Another favorable witness for the alleged racketeer was the head of an employers' association.

The labor racketeer wines and dines and takes Miami vacations with the most respected politicians. His lawyers are at the top of the list: one is the brother of a prominent judge, another is among the first ten in the Democratic Party hierarchy in his city, and so on. Behind him, too, are leaders in the business world. For instance, the man behind the waterfront racket in New York is a wealthy entrepreneur with the strongest political "clout." The men who gave sustenance to the movie racketeers, Bioff and Browne, were the heads of great motion-picture concerns, some of whom testified that they had had regular social relationships with the defendants, visiting each other's homes and going to parties together. In at least one instance they admitted paying a $150,000 bribe to the racketeers to break a strike.

"Connections" *make* the labor racketeer. Take the case of Johnny Dio. One of the men who gave him his first charters in the Allied Industrial Workers Union was its president, a decent union leader named Lester Washburn. But Washburn

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was under pressure from Dio's friends high up in the union; he tolerated the situation for some years, complained to George Meany, and then quit. When Dio finally had to leave the A.I.W., he was able to get charters in the Teamsters union. There are innumerable good and clean Teamsters unions around the country; but there are also opportunistic elements who will pave the way for a Johnny Dio. These are his "connections" and his power.

Looking at the labor racketeer as an isolated phenomenon is a useless exercise. That is why all racketeer investigations up to now have ended in complete failure: a few of the exposed men quit their posts or are hauled off to the bastille, but the syndicate itself, which develops the racketeers, is not even dented. It always finds replacements.

THE CRIME syndicate looms as something hazy, perhaps only a mirage invented by sensational newspapers. Until some undercover agent can reach the top of its pyramid—as FBI agents, for instance, have penetrated close to the top of the Communist Party—the inner operations of this potent force in our society remain nebulous. Yet in the absence of exact knowledge, a few strong hints have been dropped over the years which do lend some insight. The syndicate works pretty much like a political party or a giant corporation. It is a loose federation, highly centralized in some respects (such as dealing out "justice" to its traitors), but decentralized in execution of business ventures. It recruits carefully the individual who shows promise but who is outside its ranks; and it infiltrates into key organizations which it needs to round out its power. The fact that the distillery union, for instance, is on the verge of being suspended from AFL-CIO for corruption should come as no surprise: the syndicate uses such unions as a means of forcing employers to purchase beer and liquor produced by ex-bootleggers who since prohibition ended have turned into respectable business men.

The syndicate is departmentalized, like any good business or political machine. It has an official in charge of gambling, another in charge of prostitution, a third in charge of legitimate businesses, another in charge of relations with police and politicians, another who handles night clubs and sports, and still another in charge of labor activity. Each of these branches is expected to help the other. The syndicate man who handles politics opens some doors for the one who handles labor; and the department head who deals with legitimate business has "connections" for those who are on the illegal side, such as gambling.

The syndicate is usually thought of as a muscled monster; but most of its activity requires tact and finesse rather than muscle. The syndicate is always trying to do something for important people, building up its great store of friendships. The mayor of a large Midwestern city told me how he was approached by a certain nationality group—behind which lurked the syndicate—and asked if he would attend a big testimonial for himself. No strings attached, no cost to him. Of course, after two or three such functions and marks of friendship, the mayor would be approached for a minor favor—and then the great interlinking of crime and politics would begin. The head of a good-sized international union which had jurisdiction in two fields, one of which was completely unorganized, told me recently how he was approached by a few suave emissaries of the syndicate who promised to organize the whole jurisdiction without a penny cost to the international.

Both these offers were declined, but there are some people not so squeamish who are easily compromised. That is how the labor racketeer wheedles into the movement in the first place. The syndicate has a friend somewhere, who has another friend (or a lawyer), who can get him a charter from an international union. Usually he has not a single member organized at the time and probably has difficulty securing the first seven signatures for the charter application. But the "connections" come through, despite such obstacles. Sometimes the racketeer sets up house in an established union. The syndicate does a few favors for a legitimate unionist, over-eager to make money and presto, before he knows it, he is "partner" with an emissary sent in by the syndicate. Another technique is to recruit unaffiliated "promising" unionists. A unionist who shows he can terrorize employers or has some other useful talent is approached and coddled by the organized racket. He is introduced around, helped to get a few contracts, and soon he is making no move without getting someone's permission.

ALL OF WHICH suggests something of the true nature of the crime syndicate. Though it has its inner circle of muscle-men and leading departmental figures, it is certainly not a membership organization. It is more of a loosely-knit force with tens of thousands of "fellow-travellers." The man who owns a cigar-stand in your building and who books horses through the syndicate (he can't do it otherwise) is not a member of the crime group. But he is a "fellow-traveller"; and it is the thousands of such fellow-travellers who give the syndicate its real power. They are not only the bookies and the pimps, but the lawyers, police, judges, politicians, union officials, and—above all—business men who comprise this milieu.

It may be true that once a man becomes enmeshed in the inner circle of the syndicate he is never permitted to leave it—though there is some evidence to the contrary

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here, too. But thousands of the "fellow travellers" work in and with the syndicate on a purely *ad hoc* basis, cutting the relationship for long periods and re-establishing it again when a mutual profit can be made.

It follows that some of the people who get involved in the syndicate are quite decent, with no illegal or criminal motives whatsoever. A saloon-keeper I know was having trouble getting his license renewed. He tried for months without avail, until one day he struck up a deal with the juke-box agent. In return for putting in an additional juke-box, his difficulties came to an end. The juke-box man, tied in with the syndicate, knew how to mobilize the political "clout" and the saloon-keeper took advantage of it rather than go out of business.

The politician who fixes things for you is the same fellow who fronts for the numbers racket, and who fixes many other crimes as part of his syndicate operation. The amazing interlinkings explain in part why it is so difficult to prosecute labor racketeers. Most of the "victims" of racketeering are really its allies, and have no desire to uproot it. The labor racketeer, if he is worth his illicit salt, performs a service for business men and makes some kind of payment, direct or indirect, to police and politicians. Such services and alliances are possible only because of the far-flung power of the syndicate.

"Tips" for buying something on the illegal side or something legal which is illegally withheld, are normal features of our social system.

THE SYNDICATE is rooted in human frailty, whether it be gambling, prostitution or the desire for profit. Modern man is beset by all manner of legal restrictions that go against his grain, such as the prohibition on gambling. Result: an illegal industry, bookmaking, opens its doors to the tens of millions of law-abiding citizens who will not abide by this one law. And byproduct: a corrupted judiciary, police system and political machine.

Similarly in the sphere of industry. Employers frequently seek a profit through means that are not exactly legal. In such ventures they must secure the aid of the crime syndicate. The syndicate is a specialized agency that combines violence with highly purchased political protection; and in the sphere of labor-management relations offers a service to entrepreneurs that can be accurately measured in dollars and cents. Suppose, for instance, that the employers are in a decentralized industry which suffers from bitter price-cutting. The syndicate enters the picture to organize the business men into an association. Price standards are then set, and any employer rash enough to cut prices faces a strike by a syndicate-controlled union.

A few years ago three men were involved in such a racket in the Dock Street produce section of Philadelphia. Two were union officials, the third headed two employer associations. Fred Schlein of the employer groups testified before Congress that his associations fought in every instance against the issuance by the public-utility commission of certificates to new haulers. Competition was to be restricted to as small a group as possible. The associations also enforced a rule against "kick-backs." They introduced rules on "package limits" and various other trade practices designed to bring stability to the industry and to raise profits. They also raised prices, and in a number of instances—helped along by "tips"—resolved wage disputes at favorable terms to employers. Enforcement, of course, was in the hands of union officials who called strikes against those employers who wouldn't join the association and abide by its rules. Employers who preferred competition to stability were driven out of the industry. Business was not an innocent bystander, but an integral part of the racket.

A "service" of a different kind is performed by the racket for entrepreneurs in the garment industry. Here a minority of employers in a highly competitive field seek the profits to be made from non-union low-wage workers in so-called "runaway" shops. Ordinarily the powerful International Ladies Garment Workers Union could frustrate these efforts by putting a picket line around those primary shops in New York which do the cutting for the "runaway" plants. With truck-drivers in legitimate unions respecting such picket lines, the low-wage scheme is defeated. But if the Teamster group is headed by a racketeer and the trucking firm is similarly enmeshed in the racket, the traditional solidarity sought by the ILGWU to defend its wage scales is jettisoned. The racket saves blobs of money for the entrepreneur who is willing to pay the price for its "service."

THE LABOR racketeer helps business men keep wages below what they would be with a legitimate union, or he breaks strikes, or he restricts competition. He helps the politician with votes (garnered by the syndicate through a special department) and he "pays off." His own ill-gotten gains come from raiding health and welfare funds (which employers permit him to handle unmolested), or accepting direct bribes (an uncouth rarity), or in forming lucrative business partnerships with employers he is supposed to be "fighting." Thus the labor racketeer owns a piece of an insurance firm, or a hauling firm, or stock in a corporation, all kindly contributed to him by allied employers at a very normal price. The racket is a cozy, local, three-way arrangement which usually defies federal interference and has a few "connections" in Washington "just in case."

Not all racketeering performs a real service for management. A construction firm pays graft to a union leader and in turn is assured what it is entitled to anyway: a supply of labor and labor peace so long as it abides by the contract. Similarly the electrical contractor who must buy certain items from firms owned by a union agent or his son is being mulcted for fictitious rather than real "services." Still a third fraudulent "service" is one where a so-called unionist forces a small employer—say a drug-store owner—to pay the dues and initiation fees for his clerks on penalty of facing a picket line, and then leaves him

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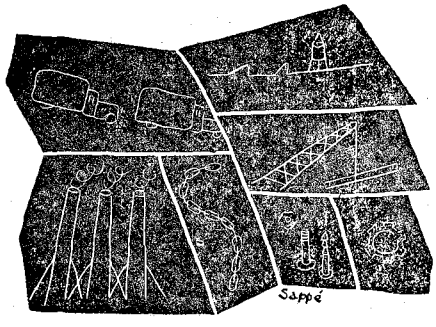
alone to pay whatever wages he sees fit.

Such types of racketeering, I believe, are in the minority. They exist because the employer is terrorized and refuses to testify. They exist also because the district attorney, or some other political wheel, is allied with the racket and won't prosecute. Business men soon learn that complaints about such extortions to legal authorities yield nothing except a bland request to "get some proof that will stand up in court." They know of men beaten up or murdered who dared look for proof. A good many local law-enforcement agents harass the victims instead of the racketeers. Either way you look at it, therefore, whether it is a real service performed by the racketeer or a fictitious one, it is the syndicate's connections which keep the racketeer from prosecution. The labor racketeer uses something which doesn't belong to him—the economic power of the labor movement—in order to make profits for himself, his friends and his syndicate. But since he has allies in politics (and business) he can get away with it.

THE McClellan committee, armed with $350,000 and a capable young investigator, Robert Kennedy, now proposes to dig into racketeering over an extended period. Senator McClellan will no doubt get headlines as he asks Dave Beck why he permitted his union to buy him a $160,000 home and lavish furnishings; or as he asks other Teamsters about their wealth and business investments. The headlines will raise hope that "at least someone is doing something about labor racketeering." But the syndicate won't worry any more than it worries over the raid of a few houses of ill-repute or the arrest of a few bookies. For what will be investigated is not the great alliance of crime, business and politics which stretches through the whole breath of a profit-hungry society, but a few unfortunate individuals whom the syndicate is quite prepared to yield as sacrificial scapegoats.

The obvious question at this point is: why doesn't labor clean its own house? Unfortunately, the labor movement adheres all too closely to the ethics of the business community. Until the merger of the A.F. of L. and the C.I.O. in December 1955, the A.F. of L. was so dominated by conservative business unionists that it was little disposed to move against the racketeer. Too many unionists looked on the movement merely as a means to make a buck to want to stir up trouble. President David Dubinsky of the Garment Workers raised the issue periodically, but his pleadings fell on deaf ears. The late William Green was too weak a leader to do anything. Under the fiction of international union "autonomy," precious little was done to check the infiltration of unsavory elements. When George Meany took over, he showed greater vigor by expelling the racket-ridden longshoremen. But with the relationship of forces what it was in the A.F. of L., he did not proceed any further.

SINCE the merger of the two federations there has occurred a realignment on the question of corruption. The old C.I.O., whatever its faults, was almost entirely free of racketeering. Now, with allies such as Dubinsky, Al Hayes of the 900,000-strong machinists union, and a few others of the old A.F. of L., the ex-C.I.O. people have been able to mobilize a strong force to attack corruption. For fourteen months they served a sort of "probationary period," refusing to be provoked into controversy. But now, with Meany as their momentary ally, they have opened their fire and have succeeded in purging three small international unions—laundry, distillery and the Allied Industrial Workers; two small federal unions (local groups under the direct jurisdiction of Meany); and a number of local unions in chemical, ladies' garments and elsewhere. They pushed through a code of ethics at the recent council meeting of the AFL-CIO in Miami which, despite shortcomings (such as the position on the Fifth Amendment) and significant omissions (such as the failure to rebuke back-door contracts and bureaucracy), is a fair foundation for proceeding further. Following the council meeting, Meany issued a statement calling on rank-and-file unionists to come to him with information on racketeering and pledging direct AFL-CIO help to them.



The situation, therefore, is not entirely bleak.

BUT the real fight is yet to come. Suspending or expelling the laundry or distillery unions is hardly more than an opening gun. (The Allied Industrial Workers will probably not be purged, now that Tony Doria has resigned his secretary-treasury post and his membership.) The strength of these two groups stems from alliances with local Teamster unions; so long as they are reasonably sure that truck-drivers will respect their picket lines, their power remains intact. That is the case, for instance, with the longshoremen who can still depend on Teamster support even though they are now expelled from AFL-CIO. The big struggle is between the Reuther-Meany alliance on the one hand and the Teamsters on the other. If Beck should refuse to purge some of the unsavory elements in his ranks—as seems indicated—it can lead to a conflict of mammoth proportions, and perhaps even a split.

At the moment Beck is attempting to consolidate behind him all the old A.F. of L. unions, especially the building trades. He is capitalizing on their fear that craft unionism will be bypassed in new organizational ventures and he is signing pacts for mutual help with many international unions that circumvent the AFL-CIO structure. The merged federation can hardly be considered unified; it is still boiling with all the old conflicts.

Racketeers can be thrown out of the labor movement if aggrieved

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rank-and-file workers have enough strength of their own, or enough outside support, to do the job. By way of example: some years ago a group of track-layers threw out their union officials, after twenty-four years of trying to break the local bureaucracy, merely by signing petitions reading them out of office. As a follow-up, they called 800 of their ranks to a meeting, set up an adequate "defense squad" of some 350 men to ward off physical attack, and then served notice on their company to recognize them or face a strike. The strategy worked—and quickly. If they hadn't been able to defend themselves, however, and if the company had refused to recognize them, they would have been in difficulties. Most aggrieved unionists are not in this fortunate position, particularly women workers or workers in small plants that employ only a few dozen people. They would have to rely on outsiders for defense, for financial support, for organizers. They would need more than just lip service, but real and substantive help from the whole AFL-CIO.

Is organized labor ready to go this far? Only time will tell.

Time will also help legitimate labor in another fashion. With each passing day the foundations for craft unionism continue to crumble. The prospect is that many homes now being built by craftsmen will increasingly be prefabricated in mass-industry factories, and that many small firms with a few employees will be consolidated into larger ones. Since labor racketeering sustains itself in small, decentralized industry, the growth of mass and large industry helps to undercut it.

The pre-conditions for a war against racketeering are thus being laid within the labor movement itself and in the structure of industry. The government or Congressional committees can help this effort along only if they are willing to attack the whole sub-surface of racketeering, the crime syndicate and its alliances in every field.

In Memoriam: TWO AMERICAN LIBERALS

Zechariah Chafee, Jr., and Jerome Frank, both distinguished lawyers who have made valuable contributions to the American liberal tradition, died recently within a few days of each other.

Zechariah Chafee, Jr.

(1885-1957)

by Mark DeWolf Howe

Many Americans who had never met Zechariah Chafee knew, when they heard of his death, that they had lost a great and stalwart friend. He had so often and so effectively spoken up on behalf of others, had so committed his generous energies to the preservation of civil liberty, that innumerable people throughout the land were in his debt.

It is far easier to feel gratitude for a man's achievement than to learn lessons from his accomplishment. From some of the vivid qualities in Professor Chafee's spirit no serviceable lessons, unfortunately, can be learned, for they bespoke the inimitable elements of his temperament rather than the persuasive force of his conviction. His zest for life, his resilient hopefulness, and his imaginative sympathy for persons who had suffered injury unlike any he had personally known, have shown us all how productive such blessings of temperament may be. We are grateful for his dedication of those qualities to our welfare. We cannot hope, however, to sustain in ourselves the contagion of his spirit; all that we can do is express our thanks that we have been its beneficiaries.

To say this, however, is not enough, for there were important aspects of Professor Chafee's accomplishments which derived from his intellectual rather than his temperamental gifts. His triumphant spirit was buttressed and sustained by profound learning. His cultivation in the world of letters taught many law students to see why their chosen occupation is a profession: to appreciate the truth of the Seventeenth Century's pronouncement that "the sparks of all the sciences in the world are raked up in the ashes of the law." More significantly, perhaps, Professor Chafee's extensive learning in areas of the law far removed from those on which civil liberties are dependent gave special strength to his efforts as lawyer and scholar to provide the safeguards of law for inquiring minds and expressive tongues. He realized as too few enthusiasts do that those who serve the cause of liberty must bring to the struggle not only stout hearts but abundant learning. No single piece of writing did more than Chafee's *Freedom of Speech* to define the nature of personal liberty and to measure the scope of governmental power to restrict its exercise. His defining and measuring became authoritative not because of his enthusiasm but because of the learning which sustained the enthusiasm.

If one were to select that field of discerning and extensive knowledge which Professor Chafee put to most effective use, he would be forced, I believe, to the conclusion that it was history. One would admit, of course, that had Chafee not been a master of equity jurisprudence, both in its substantive and procedural aspects, his contributions to constitutional law would have been less notable than they were. Yet in the last analysis Professor Chafee's greatest achievement was his imaginative use of history for progressive, even for creative, purposes. The familiar ten-

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dency of those who know the story of man's past with thoroughness, to stand in the ancient ways, never infected him with the temptation to let well enough alone. Sharing Maitland's capacity to hear the voices of the dead as communications to the living, he translated the words and the warnings of earlier generations into the language of our own times. The translation was never literal yet always accurate. As a consequence, we were made to see that those who have gone before us were at once ancestors and friends, progenitors and enemies. To emphasize this special quality in Professor Chafee's use of history is, perhaps, to do little more than say that he was deeply loyal to the traditions of the common law. Those traditions, as he interpreted them for us, included more than achievements and failures. They embraced aspiration as well. In the last as in the first years of his career, Professor Chafee gave the energies of his shining spirit and the learning of his vivid intelligence to the securing through law of our highest hopes. No lawyer of our times did more to shape the nation's conscience than Zechariah Chafee. No scholar of our day has done more to shape our constitutional law.

Jerome Frank

(1889-1957)

by Fred Rodell

Nothing is harder than to write, suddenly in the past tense, of someone you loved. When Jerome Frank died a few weeks ago—just as he wanted to die, with no lingering, no invalidism, with a full ten hours of work done the day before—the newspapers trotted out the customary obituaries and editorials about his contributions to the New Deal, to legal scholarship, to the federal court on which he served for the last sixteen years of his electric life. But to those of us who were lucky enough to have known him long and well, these tributes might have been chipped in cuneiform on stone, so little did they or could they catch the warmth and depth and gaiety of the man we knew.

Jerome Frank was inndeed one of the New Deal's brightest lights. As counsel for the AAA, he stood staunch for the small farmers until Henry Wallace, shamefully and ashamedly, fired him. As member and then chairman of the SEC, he first followed and then carried farther the financial clean-up crusade of his close friend, Bill Douglas.

Jerome Frank was indeed one name high on the small list of those who have brought fresh insight to legal thinking. His *Law and the Modern Man,* most brilliant of his many books, will still shock readers and stir disputes a century hence. Even the least of his ubiquitous bits and chunks of writing—a book note here, ten footnotes there (and how he loved those proliferating footnotes)—always mirrored the sparkle of his mind.

And Jerome Frank was indeed a churning, challenging influence on the court that, over the years, has been perhaps the country's best and surely its busiest—the Court of Appeals for the second federal circuit. More adventurous than the legendary Learned Hand, who looked on him almost as a son, more mindful of his masters on the Supreme Court than his contemporary, Charles E. Clark, he struck a balance between the two and formed with them a judicial trio unmatched from Holmes-and-Brandies-and-Stone until Black-and-Douglas-and-Warren. Many of his opinions are already part of the literature of our law.

BUT TO SAY all this is merely to fill out the flat abbreviations of the conventional "Who's Who" account. Jerome Frank was so much more than the sum of his public technical claims to fame.

For one thing, he came as close as anyone I have ever known to being a modern counterpart of the "compleat man" of Reinassance times. The breadth of his curiosity and learning, the scope of his reading and recollection, were fabulous. He could quote and cite, by chapter and verse, from a dozen quite disparate fields of knowledge ranging from music to physics and mathematics, from psychology and philosophy to all the rest of what he called the "social so-called sciences."

I heard him one evening casually take on one of the nation's top anthropologists and correct the expert's references to obscure anthropological tomes, translated from the German. This friendly debate happened to center around determinism against free-will, with Frank—who could not conceivably have been elsewhere—on the free-will side. At the end, he grinned and said: "Well, you can't ever prove you're right and I can't ever prove I'm right. But I'm right for me, because I know I'm happier believing that, within limits, I make my own choices and run my own life with my own mind."

And Jerome Frank was, despite those moments of doubt that come to all men, a contagiously happy man. Exuberant, gregarious, almost incapable of dislike for, or disinterest in, any human being, he lifted every class or meeting or cocktail party he entered with his eager questions, his quick responses, his "Say, there's an idea; now why don't you write an article . . .?" He had a spontaneous yen to participate in the lives and thoughts of others—and there was none he touched but was enriched and inspired by his kindly magic.

I have a hunch he was happiest teaching his classes (like all good teachers, he taught Jerome Frank, not the formal name of the course) and talking with students at the Yale Law School, to which he gave so much of himself during his last ten years. Young in mind despite all his wisdom, he felt a special empathy—and "empathy" was his favorite word—for those not-quite-grown-up kids with their perplexing personal problems, their intellectual enthusiasms, their looking ahead to life—as he did always.

There is not much more to say. I can only add that, like hundreds upon hundreds of others, my own home, my office, and my life will be the emptier because Jerry Frank will not be around again.

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Conspicuous Consumption: 1957 . . *by A. K. MacDougall*

HALF A CENTURY ago a familiar figure on the campus of the University of Chicago was a rumpled-suited professor who mumbled in his beard, insulted his students, plagued the university trustees and was constantly thinking up new theories. The professor was Thorstein Veblen, coiner of the phrase "conspicuous consumption," a phrase that has become as integral a part of the compleat intellectual's verbal baggage as, say, Freud's "Oedipus complex."

America has changed since the hansom-cab days of Veblen. Yet much truth still attaches to the professor's idea, expressed in his 1899 classic, *The Theory of the Leisure Class,* that people spend money, time and effort quite uselessly in the pleasurable business of inflating their egoes; that people spend simply to show they *can* spend. The theory is double-barreled. Rich people lord it over their pecuniary inferiors by wasteful expenditures, while the inferiors copy the practice to improve their own status.

The unparalleled level of postwar installment buying has enabled the wage-earning American, far more than in Veblen's time, to gratify his bent for wasteful luxury in imitation of the idle rich. By the end of 1956, pay-later Americans owed a record $31,552,000,000 in easy payment debts representing millions of automobiles, refrigerators, garbage disposals, storm windows and cruises to Bermuda. One need not swallow Veblen whole as a fundamentalist swallows the Scriptures. Many people do not engage in conspicuous consumption at all. But many do. And much that appears to be conspicuous consuption may be explained in other ways. But much can't.

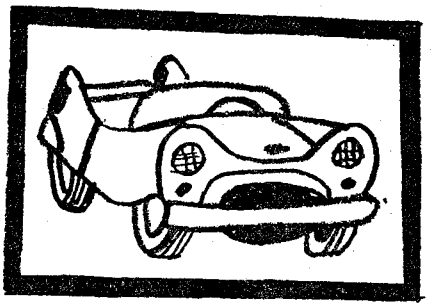
Not so long ago a Beverly Hills furrier advertised mink bras and panties in thirty different mutations at $2,500 a set. Simultaneously, a New York store marketed a spray gun, coated with gilt and trimmed with bees and flowers, which sold for $7.98. A hardware-store gun cost only 69 cents.

Veblen warned that people are prone to disguise wasteful spending by spending it on objects which appear to have some use: "Even in articles which appear at first glance to serve for pure ostentation only, it is always possible to detect the presence of some, at least ostensible, useful purpose. . . ." To elaborate this thesis, a look at an advertisement running currently in *The New York Times* and some of the more fashionable magazines is instructive. The advertisement says: "Ah! The Luxury of a GOLDEN TOOTHPICK For the Woman Who Has Everything 14 K Gold 'Toothpique' Beautifully Engraved and Set With a Ruby $15 For the Man Who Has Everything 14 K Gold Unadorned $7.50 Each With a Leather Case." Quite clearly, the woman who has everything is twice as expensive as the man who has everything.

WASTE, Veblen said, shows up in needless expenditure of time as well as money. Illustrative of this point and reminiscent of the Great Gatsbian twenties is this item from the March 29, 1954, issue of *Time*:

> On Sunset Island No. 1 in Miami's yacht-clogged Biscayne Bay, Marianne Reynolds, who got $2,000,000 and a divorce in 1952 from Tobacco Heir Richard J. Reynolds, Jr., sang a $35,000 swan song. Soon off to luxuriate in California, Marianne said farewell to Florida in the style to which Reynolds had accustomed her. Under the bleak gaze of ten gate-guarding cops, 160 servants, two firemen and some fifteen dinner-jacketed plainclothesmen who mingled but did not fraternize, about 300 guests jammed for warmth (evening temperature: 48°) into two satin-draped tents pitched on Marianne's lawn. They guzzled 200 bottles of pink champagne (price: $11 a fifth) and torrents of other beverages, ate their way through flocks of guinea hens and a whole salmon (length: 1 yd.), gaped at one buffet display featuring a woolly lamb surrounded by genuine lamb chops. The swan-song theme was carried out by a dozen huge swans, carved from ice, which graced the tables, plus flocks of smaller black-metal swans dangling from trellises in the yard. While a dance band (Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey's), a rhumba outfit and an eight-woman string ensemble blared and sawed away, Marianne, all in pink with a diamond tiara, held court in a bower of pink flowers. Said she, as the new day dawned and the icy swans began to melt a bit: "If I had known it was going to be so cold, I would have had the tents draped with pink mink."

The professor found that a society has to progress beyond the chronic scarcity stage before any of its citizens can drape a tent with pink mink or in any way waste time and goods. The United States in 1957 is beyond the scarcity stage. Life is abundant for most, so a few can stop work, clip coupons and consume conspicuously. With profits at all-time highs, big-business executives, casting about for ways to spend their money and influence their friends, are offered a variety of high-class, high-priced goods. Effete gifts advertised last Christmas season for tycoons included a pair of



A. KENT MacDOUGALL is on the staff of the Passaic (N.J.) Herald-News.

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musical cuff links containing "the world's tiniest music box, formerly available only to Royalty at fantastic prices" marked down to $100; a tiny scale-model steam engine for the executive who is a "frustrated engineer" at $195; and an 18-karat gold shaving bowl for $2,250. For the well-clad executive with aspirations above the gray flannel suit, *Esquire* this spring is advertising a $595 sport shirt made of Vicuna wool; the buttons are gold with sapphire inserts. Other rarities for the mogul: a Vicuna wool dressing-gown tagged at $750; a jigsaw puzzle for $350; a black pearl shirt stud at $3,500; a fountain pen in a gold case with a sapphire on the top, $390; a set of cuff links with "modest-sized" emeralds less modestly priced at $590; a pocket watch which tells the day of the week, phase of the moon, date of the month and year, and strikes the quarter hours in pretty chimes, at $12,000.

MUCH prestige attaches nowadays to the man who earns his bread by using his "head" instead of his hands. Mechanization is converting more and more soiled-shirted wage workers into fresh-suited and white-collared salary earners. The $70-a-week office clerk emulates the $7,000-a-year junior executive who, in turn, emulates the $50,000-a-year firm president. Status, prestige and success emerge as the new Holy Trinity.

Women join men in the emulative chase. They can buy $40 elk-skin shorts and can scratch their backs with a $6.95 gilt, pearl and sea shell-encrusted back scratcher adapted from the standard 39-cent Chinese model. To emulate Fifth Avenue women who can pay for high-tone items, millions of others spend more than they should for up-to-date apparel. Brides, in particular, tend toward "formal and expensive finery," according to a February 4, 1957, article in *The New York Times*. The article predicts that

> . . . The career girls who marry this year will spend an average of $200 to dress themselves for the ceremony —from underpinnings to veil. In some cases it is well beyond what a realistic budget would allow, but the girls accept the expense with pleasure. "More often than you would think, the girl who lives in a cold-water flat is the most extravagant bride," said one bridal consultant.

The extravagant bridal costume allows a working-class woman to act like an upper-class debutante, if only for the duration of the ceremony. As Veblen observed: "It is true of dress in even a higher degree than of most other items of consumption, that people will undergo a very considerable degree of privation in the comforts or the necessaries of life in order to afford what is considered a decent amount of wasteful consumption. . . "

The girl who lives in a cold-water flat is more fortunate than was her counterpart in Veblen's time. Fashions, once high-priced and exclusively for the rich, are now widely copied, mass-produced and sold at prices within tip-toe reach of the working girl. The tight-skirted, smartly-hatted, high-heeled (and presumably well-heeled) woman one sees in the morning subway rush may well be a tenement girl on her way to a box factory. Until she gets there she is a lady whose clothes are so confining that they suggest she could do no manual labor even if she chose. When she arrives at the box factory, she changes her dress for a frock, her high heels for pumps, her hat for a kerchief, her pride for practicality. At lunch she may do with a jelly sandwich instead of ham to save toward the purchase of additional ladylike clothes. In the summer the cold-water flat girl can take a vacation to an expensive resort, a swank hotel, a first-class cruise—places where she can buy, if only for a week or two, the feeling of leisure-class status.

Conspicuous consumption is not always vulgar display. Often it is subtle and almost always it is rationalized as "necessary" expenditure. For instance, the shutter bug can get an imported Swedish Hasselblad miniature camera outfit that retails for $1,850.55. The golfer is offered a set of four mink mitts to protect the heads of his golf clubs, at $135 a set. The dog owner can get his poodle a solid oak, brass-bound brandy keg with a leather harness for the animal's neck, at $10; a terry-cloth bathrobe for "a dog who shivers after his bath," $7.50; a dog raincoat, $9.95; or, for a dog's proper sleep, a maple-furnished four-poster bed and mattress, both for $39.50. The gracious hostess can adorn her dinner table with a $125 asparagus server, prepare highballs with the aid of ice buckets which start at one store at $65. The "art lover" can impress visitors with a fifteen-inch, $295 statue of General Ulysses S. Grant which can smoke cigarets.

But without doubt, the single most woeful example of incredible waste is the automobile. The 1957 model is longer, wider and gaudier. Its enormous hulk is propelled by a hot-blooded engine of 300 horses. Its rear fenders are upswept, backswept, high-flying jet fins—ocular insults and absolutely useless. It is laden with a smorgasbord of accessories; vent ports that don't vent, three-tone needlepoint-plastic upholstery, triple-tone finishes, pounds of ornamental chromium. Motorists love to say they wish the auto companies would not put so much junk on the cars, yet they continue to buy the "de luxe" or chrome-trimmed line at higher prices.

FASHION in cars has become like fashion in women's dresses. Get a new one each year or you're plunk out of style. Daily, the auto manufacturers preach the gospel of trading in last year's model for this year's. Admits Paul Garrett, vice president in charge of public relations for General Motors: "The automobile industry's pattern of antiquating old things by creating new reflects the dynamics of our country's growth better than anything I know."

The magnates who make Cadillacs are obvious in their appeal to blatant snobbery. Says an advertising blurb beneath a drawing of a Cadillac parked at the side of a columned mansion:

> Pride of the Neighborhood!
> It is a happy occasion indeed when a new Cadillac car first appears in the driveway of its proud and happy owner. . . .

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> In fact, the car invariably becomes a source of genuine pride and satisfaction throughout the entire neighborhood in which it resides.
>
> The neighborhood understandably delights in having a beautiful new Cadillac to grace its streets . . . and takes great pleasure in knowing that one of its own has been able to realize the dream that lives in the hearts of so many.

As *Life* magazine observed in an article on cars in its January 18, 1954, issue: "In American culture the automobile has not merely replaced the horse; it has in some degree replaced the home, at least as the most important cachet of social and economic position. (Groups of small wage-earners have been known to pool their resources and buy one new big car, each driving it one day a week, rather than buy the used cars they could afford on their own.)"

The *Life* article recalled a survey which Ford made some years ago. The test consisted of two parts. In the first part, "hundreds of motorists were asked simply what they wanted most in an automobile. The commonest answers were 'dependability' and 'safety.' Exterior appearance was far down on the list in eighth place. Now the pollsters asked a second, similar group the same question but in another way: 'What, in your opinion, does *your neighbor* most want in a car?' This time the answer 'flashy appearance' moved into second place. The public was an accurate judge of the public; it was only when each individual was asked what he himself wanted that he substituted how he thought he *should* feel for how he *really* felt." (Emphasis is *Life's*.)

Americans don't like to admit that many of them are mixed up in the emulative chase, that they waste time and money to impress others. Until they do, and do something about it, the ghost of the old Chicago professor will continue to rattle his chains across the land.

THE LIMITATIONS OF AN ARMS DIPLOMACY

MIDDLE EAST: End of a Road . . *by Geoffrey Barraclough*

This is the second article of a series appraising America's "arms" diplomacy in various regions.

NOWHERE in the world are the alternatives confronting United States political strategy today more clearly defined than in the Middle East. The decision, after Suez, to intervene in the Middle East—a decision which the Eisenhower Doctrine made specific—was a continuation of the policy which Washington has pursued, in one sphere after another, ever since 1947. On the other hand, there are specific factors in the Middle East situation which differentiate it sharply from those with which the United States has coped since the inception of the cold war. It is this interplay between continuity and discontinuity, this combination of old and new, that has made the Middle East the testing-ground of American diplomacy.

The situation may be defined, in a preliminary way, by saying that Suez has carried the United States to the end of the road along which Indo-China marked the half-way house. There are no exact parallels in postwar policy to what is happening in the Middle East. In the first place, the United States is intervening for the first time (Indo-China was a borderline case) in an area in which its interests are not *directly* involved. This in itself is a departure from precedent which requires justification. Secondly, it is throwing itself into an upsurge of aggressive nationalisms, far more powerful and far more unpredictable than anything it encountered in Southeast Asia. In view of the United States' refusal to join the Baghdad Pact, its aloofness from Middle East quarrels (apart from oil diplomacy, which we would do best to ignore), and its attempts to isolate the area, there is something ironic about the twist of events which has resulted in this outcome; and a good deal of the very natural irritation of Washington with London and Paris is due to the feeling that their inept diplomacy has landed the United States with an unnecessary and unwelcome complication. But if we look deeper this picture is not quite convincing. The Middle East situation is not simply the result of an Anglo-French blunder. It is also in the logic of American policy as it has evolved since 1945.

THIS policy, like that of the proverbial dog which rode the floods with Noah, is to stop up one by one the leaks sprung in the ark of Western democracy, as it is buffeted by world-wide seas of hostility and indifference. When the collapse of Germany and of Japan left yawning voids in Europe and in the Western Pacific, the United States ran to the rescue. When Britain was no longer able to stave up Greece and Turkey, America filled the gap. When France failed in Indo-China, the United States was at hand. What more natural, it would seem, than to continue the process and fill the vacuum left by the collapse of British power in the Middle East? But the situation is not so simple, and the danger is precisely that Washington is viewing it in these simple terms, and assuming that what once paid off in Formosa or in Europe will pay off automatically in the Middle East. There is no doubt that a policy based on arms and military deterrence succeeded in Europe in 1947 and 1948, in Korea in 1950 and in Formosa in 1955—at any rate, in

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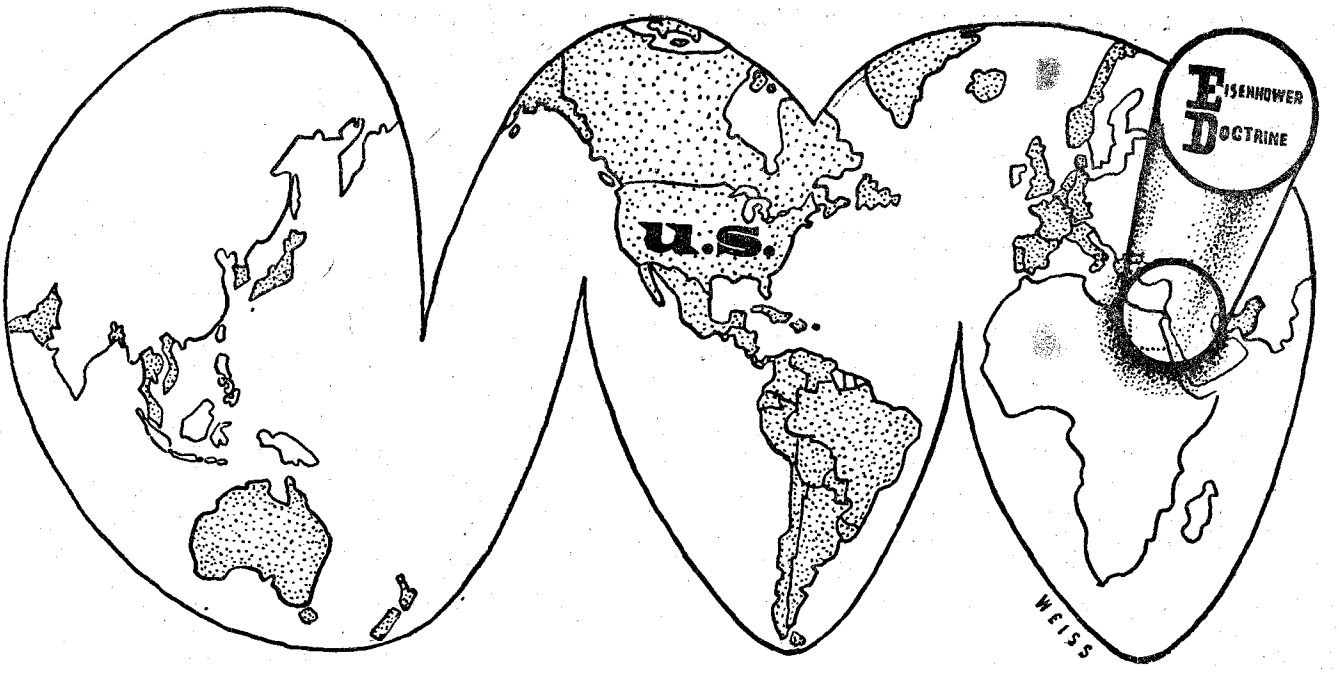

Dotted areas indicate countries which, under one circumstance or another, the U.S. is committed to defend.

terms of its immediate objectives. The point is that conditions in the Middle East in 1957 are radically different.

When the United States intervened in Europe at the time of the Truman Doctrine and Marshall Aid and the blockade of Berlin, it had (apart from insignificant groups of fellow-travellers) the wholehearted backing of both the governments and the peoples concerned, who were at one in their determination to resist communism. In the Middle East that is not the case. First of all, no one on the spot believes in the lurid Russian bogey which is (apparently) so real for the State Department; and the Eisenhower plan, with its insistence on the danger of overt Communist aggression as the principal threat to the Middle East, has consequently little relation to Arab realities as viewed by Arab eyes. Secondly, for example in Iraq, governments and peoples are often at loggerheads, and support for unrepresentative governments almost automatically means incurring the enmity of national movements. Finally, the governments themselves (though not, perhaps, the peoples) are bitterly divided; the perennial rivalry between Cairo and Baghdad indicates plainly enough the way intervention on behalf of one group is bound to stir up the hostile reactions of its opponents. The conclusion I would draw from all this is that the preconditions for the successful implementation of an arms diplomacy do not exist in the Middle East.

There are signs, in the vast cloud of words with which the Eisenhower Doctrine has been shrouded, that the Administration is not unaware that in the Middle East a military policy is not enough. Mr. Dulles has said, for example, that he attaches as much importance to the economic as to the military aspects of the plan; more specifically, he has denounced a policy of military pacts as tending to accentuate differences instead of trying to assuage them. Perhaps—in spite of other statements pointing in a contrary direction—there is here an inkling of the fact that the real issue between the United States and the Communist world is no longer, as in the time of Korea, defense against armed attack, but how to proceed in a campaign of political and economic attrition. It is perfectly true that conditions in the Middle East, the juxtaposition of great natural wealth and degrading poverty, shameful social inequalities and a legacy of exploitation, render it a peculiarly sensitive spot; and it is not unreasonable to argue that, without positive American action, it is likely to be easy ground for Communist propaganda. But when we come down to the proposals actually made, we find that three out of the four specific proposals are couched in terms of "military assistance," "employment of the armed forces of the United States" and "economic and defensive military purposes." And the fourth, which promises United States co-operation "in the development of economic strength dedicated to the maintenance of national independence," is perhaps not so innocuous as it looks; for Mr. Dulles has defined "national independence" as meaning "dedicated to fighting against international communism"; and he has made it plain that aid could not be expected on other terms. Economic aid is, in fact, still conceived of as a para-military weapon; and the whole plan follows the traditional pattern of cold-war diplomacy.

Such a policy cannot succeed. First of all, it is out of tune, as already indicated, with world conditions in 1957, in which military preparedness is no longer the first consideration. More directly important, it is out of touch with Middle East realities. With all respect to Mr. Dulles, the Soviet "threat" is not the essence of the Middle East problem; nor, as Mr. Dulles' opponents often insist, is the question of Israel. The central factors are Arab nationalism, Arab resentment against the West and social revolution in

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the Arab world. If neither Russia nor Israel existed, these problems would still produce a potentially explosive situation; and it is not one which can be dealt with by an arms diplomacy. No doubt the question of Israel and Russian intervention are exacerbating factors. But the fact remains that Russia's best chance is to profit by Western blunders, and that the State Department is in the process of committing the very blunders which, long before Suez, made the British position in the Middle East untenable. In spite of its refusal to join the Baghdad Pact, it is, in fact, placing itself at the head of a military alliance which is only distinguishable from the pact in its careful avoidance of that odious name. Syria has been written off; Egypt is in cold storage; we are back again to the strange alliance of Nuri-es-Said, the Shah of Persia, and King Saud. It is not a combination which breeds confidence or has the appearance of a sound basis for policy. Meanwhile the United States deftly sidesteps the immediate Middle Eastern issue—the definition of the Israeli-Egyptian frontiers—fearing lest a clearly defined policy will give Russia an opening for counter-attack, and tacitly underwrites British imperialism in Aden and in Cyprus. It is a case of a policy of alleged military necessity, narrowly conceived, over-ruling common sense and defeating the lasting objectives of American policy.

BUT LITTLE would be gained if the idea were to take hold that the deficiencies of arms diplomacy can be made good by the simple expedient of switching to dollar diplomacy. There are many indications that this notion is gaining popularity. In the last few months "economic aid without political strings" has become a popular slogan, the assumption being that it is bound to further American interests if the underdeveloped countries, in the Middle East and elsewhere, are stabilized. No doubt this argument marks an advance on crude arms diplomacy; but it rests on two doubtful postulates. The one is that by feeding men's stomachs, you will automatically win their hearts. The other is that stability is what the Middle East requires. Neither is self-evidently true. The Arab countries are well aware of their need for aid; but they are intensively sensitive to any limitation on their independence, by which they understand not merely political independence but freedom to choose their own way of life. Any calculation that the advantages accruing from American aid will automatically bring adherence to Western ideas and ideologies ignores the moral factors which motivate the newly awakened Arab peoples. Furthermore, the whole Arab world at the present time is in ferment—a genuine, indigenous ferment coming from below, and not a simulated ferment aroused by "subversion" from without. To try to "stabilize" this world, in the hope of using it as a base for an anti-Russian policy, is equivalent to clamping tight the top on a boiler with no safety-valve.

The stark fact is that the situation in the Middle East is not one which easily lends itself to manipulation by American diplomacy, either the old-fashoned arms kind or the new-fangled one of economic aid. Either way, the intention in Arab eyes is to fill from outside the "vacuum" which is supposed to have been left by the Anglo-French defeat. As the Arabs deny the existence of this alleged "vacuum," any direct American intervention, either military or economic, is bound to arouse hostile reaction. If the United States is genuinely and disinterestedly wishful of improving social and economic conditions in the Middle East, the Arabs argue, the United Nations offers ample opportunities for setting up appropriate agencies which could work out an overall economic plan for the area without suspicion of ulterior motives. And conversely, if the United States chooses other methods, it must be because it has objectives in view which are not the objectives of the Arab peoples. It is not easy, at any rate to Arab ears, to deny the cogency of these arguments.

It is because United States policy in the Middle East is built on the theory of the "power-vacuum" that it is so liable to backfire. Nothing is easier, having once embarked on it, than to continue a policy of stepping in to fill the gap, whenever a "power-vaccum" occurs; but where is it to stop, short of over-extension and exhaustion, particularly against an enemy operating with the advantage of interior lines? Already, as we have seen, it has carried the United States into an area where (apart from the pressures of the oil interests) it has no direct national stake. Equally significant is the fact that, for the first time, America is assuming an unlimited commitment. In Korea, in Indo-China, even in Europe, a line was drawn; but what is the line in the Middle East? Furthermore, it is allowing itself to be entangled in virulent nationalisms which are none of its concern.

HISTORICAL analogies, no doubt, are dangerous and deceptive; but is it fanciful to suggest that the United States in the Middle East is embarking, on a global plane, on the course which wrecked Napoleon's system in Europe? May we not use a parallel between Bonaparte's feverish attempts to seal off England and American attempts to seal off Russia? As each new gap opened, Napoleon poured in more forces; but as a consequence his position was weakened, not fortified. In Spain he came face to face with rising nationalism, and the result was a "running sore" which sapped his strength and afforded the English a foothold on the continent. The parallel with the Middle East today is too obvious to be ignored. But above all else, Napoleon's "continental system" overextended his resources until in the snows of Moscow he reached the limit. Policy-makers in Washington would do well to ponder this story, for it reveals the inescapable predicament of a strategy of "containment." The issues involved are, indeed, global and occur at every point of contact between the American and the Soviet *blocs*; but it is in the Middle East, because of its special conditions, that the predicament presents itself most clearly and the need for a new appraisal is most urgent. Here in the Middle East, beyond all doubt, United States policy has come to the end of the road.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

A Year of James Joyce

JOYCE: THE MAN, THE WORK, THE REPUTATION. By Marvin Magalaner and Richard M. Kain. N.Y. University Press. $5.

DUBLIN'S JOYCE. By Hugh Kenner. Indiana University Press. $5.75.

A CENSUS OF FINNEGANS WAKE. By Adaline Glasheen. Northwestern University Press. $5.

THE EARLY JOYCE: THE BOOK REVIEWS. 1902-1903. The Mamalujo Press. $1.50.

STEPHEN HERO. By James Joyce. New Directions. $4.

THE ULYSSES THEME. By W. B. Stanford. Blackwell. (Distributed by Macmillan.) $6.

Nathan Halper

EXPLAINING Joyce is a growing industry. The pay is poor, yet each year's activity exceeds that of the year before. Things have reached the point where we now have a book dealing with all these books and articles that explain the books of Joyce.

Messrs. Kain and Magalaner are like a clipping bureau. Whenever anyone makes a comment about Joyce or Joyce's work, no matter what its nature, they put it into their volume. The jacket cites their "extended evaluation," their "striking evaluation." But, when they give out grades, their own manner is so bland, they are so unincisive, that a reader comes to feel that one opinion is as meaningful as another. Since it is so all-inclusive, this makes a good book of reference. For the non-initiate, however, its value is questionable. So many foolish and ignorant things have been written about Joyce that a little ruthlessness is called for. The reader wants a path. Here he gets a maze: a wilderness composed of paths.

If Magalaner and Kain are too quiet, Hugh Kenner is too assertive. Add that his esays are padded and poorly organized; that his style, a marriage of Academic and Little Mag, shows the sad effect of so incestuous a union—and you see why some reviewers have been unkind. Yet, in hitting at these all too obvious faults, such reviewers have overlooked, on the one hand, his merit, on the other hand, a flaw that is much more serious.

Mr. Kenner has read widely. Also, he apparently remembers everything that he has read. So that, when he meets a phrase in *Ulysses* or *Finnegans Wake*, he can tell you where Joyce got it. He is likewise in his element when it comes to spotting symbols or matching a set of parallels. There is more than that to Joyce. Yet Joyce's manner is an aspect of his matter. And, as long as Mr. Kenner locates facts about the former, he also, indirectly tells something about the latter.

But he gives us more than facts. Mr. Kenner issues dicta, and there, alas, he fails us. He believes that Joyce is language; Joyce is symbols, sources, parallels. Where Joyce's Stephen feels that to be an artist is to recreate life out of life, Kenner's Joyce is a technician who makes words out of words.

MRS. GLASHEEN has tried to identify all the names that are mentioned in *Finnegans Wake*. This approach could be fruitful. E.g., at one point, Joyce's dreamer sees his wife as "Queen of Eire." This conceals the name of Guinevere. It tells us that the dreamer suspects his wife has not been faithful.

It is too easy, however, to miss the names that are hidden. It is also much too easy to see names that are not there. Richard Ellmann, in his foreword, thinks that her efforts

NATHAN HALPER is completing a book on the themes in Finnegans Wake.

Uncle Cal

Calvin Jones, by marriage my mother's kin,
Old stumper and thumper, rough on sin
As ever your namesake; heavy father,
Lover of food, cigars, and beer; pillar
Of the First Dutch Reformed of Paterson,
Prompt giver, but a hard man on a bargain,
Who hate the English, but hate even worse
That Babylon of nakedness and whores,
Hollywood, and of the movies would swear
That if ever you saw a preacher go in there
You would not respect that man ever after,
Sealing it with your one oath, "Mighty Caesar"—
I hear you have suffered the first seizure
Of the mortal heart's ultimate frailty,
And for what my prayers may be worth, I pray
That you will be spared whole a long while yet,
And that I will hear you again heave and beat
And bawl hymns over your stricken violin;
If not, I truly pray you go to heaven.
But there a weakness infests my prayers,
Whose God is less patent and sharp than yours;
And I fear you would not be comforted
To know that my best piety is haunted
By an incorrigible dream that when
We die and the last decent convention
Has wiped its eyes and gone, then our hot faults
Will come at last into their own, the vaults
Closing round all we were correct and cold in,
While the flesh mounts to Babylon the Golden.

W. S. Merwin

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are definitive. Mrs. Glasheen, in her preface, fears her book has many errors and that it is only the rough draft of what such a book should be. Her opinion is the more accurate.

The Mamalujo Press has published Joyce's early book reviews. (Mamalujo is a word that is found in *Finnegans Wake*. It is formed by combining Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. It is also Gaelic—i.e., Joyce's Gaelic—for "the foolish fellows.") The reviews are dull.

New Directions has made available a few additional pages of the early *Stephen Hero*. These additions are disappointing. Undistinguished in its own right (Joyce tried to burn the manuscript), *Stephen Hero* is important because of its later uses. In the main, it is a sketch for *A Portrait of the Artist*. In it, also, there are notes which were picked up and developed in *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake*. These new pages—they deal with a visit that Stephen paid to Mullingar—have little, if any, relevance to the later, greater volumes.

I HAVE saved the best for last. The entire year, in other ways so mediocre, is redeemed by Mr. Stanford. *The Ulysses Theme* is the finest book on Joyce to appear in a good while. (I say this even though it is basically not a Joyce book.)

Mr. Stanford is concerned with how different writers have dealt with the man Ulysses. He gives only half a chapter to the modern Irish version. Yet, willy-nilly, Bloom is always present. As Mr. Stanford traces how, since the time of Homer, philosophers have judged Ulysses and poets have portrayed him, we learn a good deal more about Bloom and his creator than we do from the majority of works exclusively devoted to their affairs.

When we look at Joyce's novel, it is hard to see Ulysses. But when Mr. Stanford takes us into Homer's poem, we do see Bloom. Ulysses keeps reminding us of that prudent little bourgeois whom we got to meet in Dublin on June 16, 1904.

Coming back to the novel, we see that it is called *Ulysses*, and Bloom's adventures are an Odyssey, not because Joyce has constructed a number of far-fetched parallels. The kinship is of character. Because he is like Ulysses, his days will contain these parallels. In one way or another Bloom will always hear the Sirens. He will always meet a Cyclops. He will go back to Penelope.

Joyce has used not only Homer. Thus, to take a few examples, in the *Gesta Romanorum*, Ulysses is a Christ-like figure: suffering and all-enduring. He is a buffoon in Aeschylus; in Shakespeare's *Troilus*, he is a compassionate humanist acting like a father to a young man not his son. Homer's sailor was complex. As a rule, the others show only some single one of his aspects. They have broken him down into his component parts. Now, after three thousand years, Joyce has put him back together. But, in doing this, he has made use of their insights. Mr. Bloom includes their findings. He is a compendium of all versions of Ulysses.

Those who write about Joyce are usually so impressed by the way in which his work differs from the work of others that they never get to say that there also are similarities. They treat *Ulysses*—or *Finnegans Wake*—as if it were an Irish bull: a sacred cow: a two-headed calf.

Now, his books were written by a human being. They were also written for—and about—human beings. All of these are simple facts. Yet the ones who write of Joyce have somehow lost sight of them.

There are a few exceptions. One of these is Mr. Stanford. When he looks at Joyce's novel, he sees Homer, he sees Shakespeare. But, over and beyond them, what he sees is a man and the way in which he faces and faces up to his environment.

We cannot always tell what Joyce is saying of his characters unless we look at his parallels. Yet, conversely, when we do look at the parallels, we must go back to his characters. They act as the control. When Joyce uses Homer, Shakespeare, Vico, Bruno, Dante, Irish legend or the Bible we must ask: what is he saying about Bloom? Molly? Stephen? about H. C. Earwicker?

About you? about me? about the writer, Joyce himself?

The Empire of Theodore Roosevelt

THE IMPERIAL YEARS. By Foster Rhea Dulles. Thomas Y. Crowell. $5.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT AND THE RISE OF AMERICA IN WORLD POWER. By Howard K. Beale. The Johns Hopkins Press. $6.

William A. Williams

THESE studies of America's vigorous diplomacy at the turn of the century offer the reader two styles of diplomatic history. The contrasting methodologies and interpretations give us almost as much insight into our own time as does the history *per se*.

Professor Dulles presents a facile narrative and a firm admonishment in the great tradition of Empire History. It misses being great Empire History, however, because the moral and the call to duty are delivered in the style of a man relaxing in a campaign chair on the patio rather than in the rhetoric of the leader who would build a new civilization.

Dulles warns us that we missed, because of our hesitance and irresponsibility, our first great opportunity to lead the world to peace and prosperity. But we can (and should) learn from that failure and assert our present power, in collective action with a few well-chosen friends, to resolve the current crisis and bring peace, justice, freedom and prosperity to mankind. His presentation of this argument is neither strained nor crude for the reason that this ideology of the American Imperium is both his hypothesis and his interpretation. The facts of American power and American idealism combine with the *a priori* desirability of peace and freedom to make it perfectly clear that nothing save irresolute action and irresponsible opposition prevent the ideal from becoming the real.

Hence Theodore Roosevelt is presented as the model to be emulated by our present and future leaders. True, he was not perfect: he was a bit too blatantly nationalistic, and so now and again of-

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fended a useful ally; and he overestimated the strength of the isolationists, which unnecessarily limited his action. But Dulles concludes that these were minor faults, and that all would have been much better if Good Old Teddie had just pushed on with his basic ideas and policies.

This is the sophisticated Democratic-Republican internationalist's version of the sledgehammer Republican-Democratic nationalist's argument that we "lost" China and sundry other places and people. The only essential differences consist in casting the so-called isolationist as the villain in place of the left-wing subversive, and of saying that we need some help in tidying-things-up instead of asserting that we can do it all by ourselves. And, in its own way, all this is very comforting on a cold winter's night in 1957 when we are told that nothing but a Democratic Congress stands between another Dulles and another brink.

HOWEVER one may choose to describe it, Professor Beale's ideology offered him no such reassuring pattern by which to plot his survey of the same phase of our foreign affairs. Hence all he offers is the best history yet written of the origins and the character of the Square Deal, New Freedom, New Deal, Fair Deal tradition in our diplomacy.

Far from asserting that all we now need is more of the same, he leaves us with an uneasy feeling that we may have been marching down a path which leads away from our objective. Some readers may even wonder if Beale is not one of those naive and irresponsible isolationists who have, in Dulles' view, caused so much trouble during the last seventy-five years. The trouble with dismissing Beale in this fashion is that both professors come from the same upper class background, both benefit from an extensive familiarity with the world at large, and both share the ideals of peace, freedom and prosperity. According to the experts, isolationists are Midwest Populists who do not understand that history has passed them by. And Professor Beale simply cannot be jammed into that category.

The reader may tinker with that puzzler after grappling with the fundamental questions raised by Beale's study of Roosevelt. His procedure is deceptively simple. He digs out all the facts he can find concerning Roosevelt and his diplomacy, unravels the record in detail and then summarizes it, and finally reports on the consequences of the outlook and the action. The result is that Roosevelt, speaking for himself, makes it clear that his concept of American leadership never wandered very far from the idea of American superiority and supremacy; while the record of events suggests that this approach created more problems than it solved.

Thus Beale implicitly raises all sorts of provocative questions, two of which may be emphasized. His probing review of Roosevelt's conception of man and the world leads one to wonder just how the current American attitude toward "backward" areas differs in essentials from Roosevelt's Anglo-Saxon *noblesse oblige*. Is not the present objective to civilize the world in our image? There is disagreement over technique and timing, no doubt, but how much basic conflict over the goal itself? This consideration forces one to examine the central concept of *noblesse oblige*. And while it was no doubt the most redeeming feature of feudalism, it does not appear to have much value when proposed as the cornerstone for a twentieth century diplomacy. Even that old hobgoblin Economic Man is apt to produce more viable results.

Thus Beale's second question is equally pertinent. If the objective remains the same, with its irrelevance unimpaired, does it make any difference how sophisticated the means? Beale puts it very neatly: "Roosevelt probably had as much ability and handled foreign policy as well as any other statesman of his day. The trouble lay not in his abilities, but in his values and in the setting in which he worked, whether from choice or from necessity."

It may be, of course, that the central assumption shared by Dulles and Roosevelt is both viable and profound. Bismarck gave it the classic expression. "If there is to be a revolution, we would rather make it than suffer it." But before one concludes that such is not only smart and desirable, but also just and possible (and hence wise), he should read Beale's volume with care and contemplation. It will not be wasted time, even if it serves only to convince one of the validity of Roosevelt's outlook. For the reader will have sharpened his argument on a hard, hard stone; and he will have read the best history of the year.

How To Read Kafka

KAFKA'S CASTLE. By Ronald Gray. Cambridge University Press. $2.75.

Katherine Hoskins

THE LATEST to bear witness to the way Kafka moves in on one is Ronald Gray, Lecturer in German at Cambridge University. And though in dealing with Kafka I am as ready as the next to cry, "Yes, that is all very well, but—"; with Mr. Gray, I find myself simply following along.

A strict man—one wonders what his classes are like—he warns us:

> I do not in fact want to offer a complete commentary on Kafka's work, believing that literary criticism in general is already too voluminous. [His own book is brief to admiration.] But I do want to indicate a possible way of reading Kafka; readers who find this way acceptable will be able to apply it for themselves to other works of his they read.

And we do a small act of contrition for all the criticism we have read in the attitude of Br'er Rabbit to Sis Cow, "You do de pullin' en I'll do de gruntin'."

But, good teacher, Mr. Gray is equally strict with himself. After examining the Procrustes beds of allegorical interpretation of Kafka, as well as the gentler deformations effected by old friends, he states his duty as he sees it. Speaking of those who write "As though Kafka were a priest or psychologist who mistook his vocation," he says:

> This attitude ignores the possibility that Kafka worked as a literary artist, not inventing complex equivalents for a system of beliefs already held, but exploring the possibilities of an image which presented itself to his imagination, in this case the image of a castle and of a man trying to reach it. . . . The task of the literary critic is to explore that account . . . and in so far as he is thinking in literary terms, his task stops when he has described his experience of the work fully. He is not called upon . . . to decide between the claims of rival schools of religious thought.

There then follows a loophole of which he has most imaginatively availed himself: "At the same time, he [the critic] is not required to suspend judgment indefinitely on this vital matter."

Earlier critics disposed of, Mr. Gray also—after appropriate tribute—disposes of the Muirs as translators. Ignorant of German myself, I would say that while the Muirs' English sentence

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KATHERINE HOSKINS has just received a grant from Brandeis University, awarded to her for a book of poems, Villa Narcisse, *published last year.*

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structure is preferable, the present author's single words are livelier and of more interpretive force. Literary and linguistic sensibility aside, creative and critical concentration on semantics for the past twenty-six years could account for this added intensity; as, through those same years, experience of the irrational and ambiguous in our front yards could free us of the need to soften them by a fairy story atmosphere.

I insist on these rather pedagogical matters because they are the Ariadne thread to which the interpretive critic especially must hold in his exploration of the labyrinth. Though clearly there cannot ever be a Theseus to grapple hand to hand with the monster and bring out a definitive statement; a few, and Mr. Gray is among them, get near enough to have their thought beat with that of him they are tracking down and, equally important, manage to get out again with their former selves intact.

IT IS then a technique of reading that Mr. Gray offers primarily. He emphasizes the use of *Vexierbild* (puzzle-picture), rhymes of action and all the demonstrable devices that Kafka used. And he comes up with—or his reader makes out for himself—an interpretation not so radical or startling, as very delicately balanced, very sinuous. As reader, I report that so far as I could go with him textually in my 1930 edition, I desired only to ask more questions, not to cavil at answers suggested. When he proceeded into a last chapter and a half, not available in English until 1953, I wondered if I hadn't really read but forgotten. It is not surprising then that I accepted, with no feeling of impertinence, etc., the possible ending that he adumbrates. It is an ending of considerable tranquillity. And though it does not deny what Brod reported as Kafka's intention, it enriches it in a poetical and worthy fashion. And seems certainly to have been prepared for very early.

Mr. Gray finds *The Castle* "the description of a metamorphosis of the kind attributed by Christians to the action of grace." Myself, and under his tutelage, I go on a little from this and find it a description also of how such a metamorphosis may take place, to a certain extent, on the seeker's terms.

Next Week

Who are the Menckens and the O'Neills of the present undergraduate generation?

A national symposium by sixteen leading teachers of literature and creative writing.

Reflections In a Slum

A lot of the old folk here—all that's left
Of them after a lifetime's infernal thrall
Remind me of a Bolshie the "whites" buried alive
Up to his nose, just able to breathe, that's all.

Watch them. You'll see what I mean. When found
His eyes had lost their former gay twinkle.
Ants had eaten *that* away; but there was still
Some life in him . . . his forehead *would* wrinkle!

And I remember Gide telling
Of Valéry and himself:
"It was a long time ago. We were young.
We had mingled with idlers
Who formed a circle
Round a troupe of wretched mountebanks.
It was on a raised strip of pavement
In the boulevard Saint-Germain,
In front of the statue of Broca.
They were admiring a poor woman,
Thin and gaunt, in pink tights, despite the cold.
Her team-mate had tied her, trussed her up,
Skilfully from head to foot,
With a rope that went round her
I don't know how many times,
And from which, by a sort of wriggling,
She was to manage to free herself.
Sorry image of the fate of the masses!
But no one thought of the symbol.
The audience merely contemplated
In stupid bliss the patient's efforts.
She twisted, she writhed, slowly freed one arm,
Then the other, and when at last
The final cord fell from her
Valéry took me by the arm:
"Let's go now! She has ceased suffering!"

Oh, if only ceasing to suffer
They were able to become men!
Alas! how many owe their dignity,
Their claim on our sympathy,
Merely to their misfortune.
Likewise, so long as a plant has not blossomed
One can hope that its flowering will be beautiful.
What a mirage surrounds what has not yet blossomed!
What a disappointment when one can no longer
Blame the abjection on the deficiency!

It is good that the voice of the indigent,
Too long stifled, should manage
To make itself heard.
But I cannot consent to listen
To nothing but that voice.
Man does not cease to interest me
When he ceases to be miserable.
Quite the contrary!
That it is important to aid him
In the beginning goes without saying,
Like a plant it is essential
To water at first,
But this is in order to get it to flower
And I *am concerned with the blossom.*

HUGH MACDIARMID

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The Revolution of William Blake

THE LETTERS OF WILLIAM BLAKE. Edited by Geoffrey Keynes. Macmillan. $10.

Kenneth Rexroth

IN THE splendor of his innocence and irascibility, Blake sits naked under the arbor in his backyard, discoursing to his wife, Kate, of Powers and Emanations. Before him pass the ghosts of St. Just, Danton, Marat, Robespierre, Hébart, to be judged by his integrity. He was really all the French Revolution that England ever had. In fact, except for Shelley and a brief flurry in the adolescence of the country house and UNESCO set, he is just about all the revolutionary poet England ever had, of any kind. It was John Wesley who gave symbolic form to middle class revolt in England. Methodism was England's Jacobinism. Blake's revolution might be called the shadow side of the one across the Channel. The French enthroned the Goddess Reason. Blake hypostatized the non-rational forces of the soul. They looked forward to a Utopia of contractual relations and delegated authority. He spoke for the integral person, the pure act, the vital relationship which Buber was to call "I and thou."

Following the ill-informed snobbery of T. S. Eliot a lot of nonsense has been written about Blake's lack of tradition, about how he made up his system as he went along. It has been dutifully repeated in most reviews of this book. Nothing could be less true. Mr. Eliot's tradition goes back to Aquinas as interpreted in the pages of *L'Action Francais*. Blake's goes back to *The Memphite Theology* and *The Pyramid Texts*. It is the tradition of organized heterodoxy. It is all there, from the millenia-old Doctrine of Emanations to the current fantasies of the Neo-Druids. True, the heterodox have always thought of themselves as possessed of a kind of factual knowledge. They called themselves Gnostics. Actually, Blake or Hermes Trismegismus, this is the art of providing the heart with images of its alienation. If the individual or society can project the dilemmas which reason cannot cope with, they can be controlled if not mastered. This was Blake's function. He saw the oncoming Business Civilization and prepared a refuge, a symbolic fortress and haven. The *dramatis personae* of his *Prophetic Books* are of relatively little importance. Fundamentally he accomplished his mission by being a certain kind of person. And he did succeed. Shorn of its paraphernalia of myth, we call it Romanticism. Blake was really the first mythographer of Romanticism. It is no accident that the German philosophic fathers of the movement were to look back to the very similar Jacob Boehme. And Blake's judgment stands unaltered, whether in Baudelaire's wounded soldier unable to budge under the heap of the dead, or Dickens with his pure Blakean outraged innocence caught in the dark Satanic mills.

Because Blake is above all else the kind of person he is, his letters are of primary importance. Like most letters by most poets they are mostly taken up with efforts to get money. Exceptionally amongst British poets, Blake was genuinely poor, not very poor, but poor enough. The poverty of the British Romantic poets is seen from the point of view of the caste of literary gentlemen —the rectory, The Radical Club, the halls of Balliol. Keats was not really poor, but most unlearned people are under the impression that even Shelley was. Blake needed money all the time, just to live, and had to work to get it, at a trade. It is this independence from the caste patterns of his day that preserves his innocence and hence his rage and hence the validity of his judgment. What Blake's letters give you is the anatomy of uninvolvement. They should, and never will, be taught in schools, but they are pondered, I hope, in a school not built with human hands.

KENNETH REXROTH'S most recent book is In Defense of the Earth, *a volume of poems.*

FILMS

Robert Hatch

ALTHOUGH plays often open on the butler tidying the den or on two village worthies exchanging current gossip, these preliminary feints are not necessary. On the stage you can begin right in the middle of things—"Nay, but this dotage of our general's o'erflows the measure" is how Philo gets matters started—and in half a dozen lines your narrative will be at full gallop. But a movie has no stage and a movie is not only a fiction but the picture of a fiction; so it takes longer to orient the audience to place and mood.

For this reason it has seemed to me that attempts to use an equivalent of the one act play on the screen—to offer three or four independent tales under some unifying title—have provided less than they promised. Even when their material is good and well-presented, these packages have a disconcerting stop-and-start quality and too much time is lost priming the narratives.

The problem exists in de Sica's *The Gold of Naples,* but for a combination of reasons it is reduced to a minimum. The four episodes share a single general locale, so that the scene has to be identified only once, the stories (from a book of the same name by Giuseppe Marotta) are superbly photographic, and de Sica has maneuvered a cast of expressive actors with an ingenuity and economy that make you want to break into applause. De Sica has that gift of all great directors—the camera seems to be his instinctive mode of speech.

The stories are also akin in mood. They are what I believe are called vignettes—very neat as to plot, relying rather on a cuteness of circumstances than on any serious investigation into character and motive. Three of the four are farcical, or at least merry-humored, and the fourth is more bizarre than tragic. But there is a slightly bitter taste to all of them—despite the laughter and general buoyancy, each tale contains a victim. The temperament of Naples, which is the overall theme of the picture, appears to be a great appetite for living combined with a resigned knowledge that the experience is bound, at least occasionally, to be sharply painful.

De Sica, who can extract exciting and balanced performances from such varied and unequal talents as Sophia Loren, Silvana Mangano and the great comedian, Toto, should I think stay off the screen himself. He is, as always, an intelligent and communicative actor, but a little stiff, a little to one side of the role, as though not giving a performance but showing how it should be given. Except for that, *The Gold of Naples* is a rare treat for the public and an object lesson for the makers of our huge, loose and windy spectacles.

A SCREEN newcomer, the operatic Salvatore Baccaloni, has stolen *Full of Life* from Judy Holliday, but it is not a theft she will feel keenly. The picture is maudlin, contrived, animated by a refined bad taste. The title, which refers to the fact that the heroine is pregnant, should be fair warning.

Signor Baccaloni plays an interfering father-in-law (this being a twist on the

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great American joke about mothers-in-law). He is a large man who is here made to fling himself about in alternate paroxysms of rage and sentiment, muttering the names of the saints under his breath, prescribing wine for all ills and crises, adding a final "a" to his English monosyllables. Miss Holliday and Richard Conte, as her husband (he writes books in the garage), endure this dreary stereotype for the two months before their first child is born.

Full of Life subscribes to that most destructive theory that people are cunning. It would never have risen above the Ma and Pa Kettle circuit without Miss Holliday. She is a wit (which is irrelevant in this case) and a sensible, responsible actress, and she works hard to inject some honesty into the story.

TELEVISION

Anne W. Langman

NOBODY yet has been able to invent a satisfactory format for television news programs, and the lack of it is becoming increasingly bothersome. The existing programs are a favorite target for critics, and emotion runs high in response. TV news, as one of its producers put it, is "strictly a personality business" and newscasters take criticism as a charge of personal failure. In other areas—entertainment, sports, drama, true adventure—where the goals can be easily defined, the medium is learning its strengths and limitations, and is beginning to develop new forms. But news has been unable either to mimic newspapers, magazines or radio with any success, or to work out a technique of its own.

News-in-depth studies of a particular story, such as "Assignment India" or the *See It Now* series, have split off into a special division—the documentary—which *has* achieved a form specific to its purpose. So has the press conference interview, although that is really an attempt to make news rather than to transmit it. But the non-specialized news show is still groping. The pattern is roughly the same on all three networks. There's the daily 15-minute "hard news" show where the commentator reads his dispatches as adroitly as Martyn Green delivering Gilbert and Sullivan patter. Swivelling deftly to the studio walls, he brings in film of places and people supplied by distant colleagues or illustrates with slides or maps, and wraps up his package of assorted information with closing words of good cheer. The local news show subtracts some of the national and international stories to make room for local items, uses the same type of visual aids, the same happy "Good night." The Sunday news round-up is an expansion of the daily coverage, longer, more elaborate, more comprehensive. Each network has a new weekend entry this year: on *Open Hearing* the ABC newsstaff discusses one particular news story, Chet Huntley's *Outlook* (NBC) and Eric Sevareid's *World News Round-up* (CBS) combine film stories from their correspondents with their discussion of the news and tie it all together with commentary. Even with the first teams in action, none of these programs has achieved any distinction.

TV news attempts to do everything that other news mediums do, and succeeds in doing nothing well. A daily paper brings its readers the widest possible coverage of events; a 15-minute telecast can touch only the headlines, and of those only ones that can be told clearly in pictures and for which film can be provided by air time. The pictorial magazine, notably *Life* and *Look*, offers a skilfully selected, coherent set of photographs which the reader can study at his own pace. TV pictures move, it is true, but only for a fleeting moment. Radio newscasts are a highly-developed skill, but no way has been found to improve them with pictures. TV, in fact, is a distraction to good radio news.

It is perhaps for these reasons that the top men in news broadcasting are less than eager to appear on TV. Edward R. Murrow is content with his daily radio news bit, and ventures into camera range only for special stories and for his extra-news documentary studies. Edward P. Morgan, whose nightly radio analysis of world events is remarkably succinct and informative, is equally reluctant, contributes to his network's weekly TV news show with some diffidence. "TV news doesn't inform," he has said. "It fills fifteen minutes with clutter which diverts, distracts, excites and entertains but it doesn't inform, and information is my business." Eric Sevareid continues with daily radio news and seems somewhat uneasy about his weekly TV assignment. "My radio audience understands, after these many years, what I'm talking about. I can communicate ideas with words. In TV, I must illustrate ideas with pictures." Murrow used almost identical language in a recent *TV Guide* interview: "Most news consists of ideas, not happenings. It's tough enough to translate an idea into words. It's almost impossible to translate it into pictures."

Because of the overall character of television, the public expects (or at least the producers think it expects) that even news should be cheerful and entertaining. But this contradicts the very meaning of journalism and sends the news shows straight up a blind alley. Sevareid described the impasse clearly, if somewhat bitterly, when his new Sunday show was called dull. "Sunday is notably a slow news day and that Sunday was particularly vapid. But when I read my paper I wouldn't accuse it of doing a bad job, I would simply say that the news was dull. This is not true for a TV news show. It is expected to be entertaining, regardless of available material." Of course, some newspapers are consistently more interesting, if not more entertaining, than others, and the proof of Mr. Sevareid's show will not rest on any one Sunday. Still the difference of public attitude does seem real.

The effectiveness of TV newsmen is limited by a medium which requires them to deliver lyrics for the score. Not only must they be content with this function, but they must perform well in front of the camera. The face behind the littered desk makes as much impression on the viewer as the words he hears. Although John Daly, Doug Edwards or Chet Huntley may be well-informed and serious reporters, they must dilute what they know and think with enough charm to make the show entertaining. It would be ridiculous to conclude that no serious journalist can be a TV journalist. But I do believe it is valid to say that under present conditions serious television journalism is impossible.

TELEVISION NEXT WEEK

March 3 through 6

(See local papers for time and channel)

Sunday, March 3

HERBERT HOOVER REPORTS (CBS). Special broadcast of a conversation-interview between Mr. Hoover and his long-time friend, Lowell Thomas. Talk will cover major aspects of Hoover Commission work.

Monday, March 4

THE DEFENDER: Part II (CBS; Studio One). First original TV drama to be presented in two parts is by Reginald Rose and stars Ralph Bellamy. This experiment may have considerable influence on future of TV theatre.

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ROMEO AND JULIET (NBC; Producers' Showcase). Old Vic production with Claire Bloom, John Neville, Paul Rogers. Color.

THE ENEMY (NBC; Robert Montgomery Presents). Pearl Buck's second TV play concerns a young Japanese professional couple during World War II. With Shirley Yamaguchi. Color.

Tuesday, March 5

MONGANGA (NBC; March of Medicine). Repeat of a most impressive documentary of a Congo medical mission station. A more interesting and more beautiful film than the widely acclaimed picture on Albert Schweitzer. Color.

PANIC (NBC). Premiere of a dramatic series. Producer Al Simon will attempt a formula whereby the audience will be given all necessary facts about characters and situation in the first 90 seconds, the play then building suspense from that base.

Wednesday, March 6

THE DUEL (NBC; Goodyear Playhouse). Dramatization of Aaron Burr-Alexander Hamilton rivalry by Leslie Stevens, author of *Bullfight* and *The Champagne Complex*. Color.

MUSIC

B. H. Haggin

ANYONE who is led by the loveliness of Elisabeth Schwarzkopf's voice on records to hear her in recital discovers that the volume and lustre it has at the close range of the microphone are lessened in the large space of the concert hall. The voice sounds small even in Town Hall; and in Carnegie Hall, recently, it not only was reduced still more in volume but was deprived of all lustre. As for her employment of it in the music, this ranged as usual from the exquisite sustained singing in some of the songs by Mozart, Schubert, Strauss and Wolf, to the coy, hammed-up and even vulgar performances in some of the others.

In striking contrast to all this was the lovely and musically flawless singing by Adele Addison at her recent Town Hall recital. Her voice is delicate, clear and bright, but capable of expansion to considerable and exciting power when this is needed; she has it under control at all times and throughout its range; and this enabled her—in music by Alessandro Scarlatti, Schubert and Schumann—to spin it out in incredibly long phrases, which were subtly inflected and colored for expressive purposes with superb and unfailing musical taste.

But the greatest singing one can hear today continues to be done by Flagstad—not in the concert hall but on records, and specifically in her *Wagner Recital* on London LL-1533 with the Vienna Philharmonic under Knappertsbusch. The upper range of the voice no longer has the thrilling lustrous beauty which the lower range still retains; and one hears an occasional thin or shrill or edged high note; but the production and use of the voice in the phrases of the five Wesendonck songs is unique. And the orchestra's playing is marvelously sensitive and beautiful and is richly reproduced. On the reverse side are passages from *Lohengrin, Parsifal* and *Die Walküre*.

In her performances of arias from Mozart's *Figaro, The Magic Flute, Così fan Tutte* and *Idomeneo* on London DTL-93075 Teresa Stich-Randall exhibits a soprano voice which is clear and agreeable but no longer has the loveliness it had when she first sang here in Toscanini's *Falstaff* broadcast; and she uses it with musical taste but in small-scale singing in which there is an insufficiency of vital energy. The playing by L'Orchestre du théâtre des Champs-Elysées under André Jouve is graceless.

The *Liederkreis* Op. 24 of Schumann sung by Souzay on London LL-1476 is less familiar than Op. 39, and offers several more interesting songs—*Ich wandelte unter den Bäumen, Lieb' Liebchen leg's Händchen, Schöne Wiege meiner Leiden, Berg' und Burgen* and *Anfangs wollt' ich fast verzagen*. On the reverse side are a group of fine Mörike songs by Wolf. Souzay's voice is a little drier than it was, but still pleasant, and is used with excellent musical and expressive effect. And Danton Baldwin creates exciting contexts for the singing with his piano-playing.

London LL-1405 offers several good unfamiliar songs by Schubert—*Der Strom, Auf der Donau, Totengräber's Heimweh, Der zürnende Barde* and *Der Wanderer* (1819), of which the last is quite unusual—in addition to the familiar *Fischerweise* and *Gruppe aus dem Tartarus*. They are sung very effectively by Heinz Rehfuss with excellent piano acompaniments by Frank Martin, whose *Six Monologues from 'Jedermann'* is on the reverse side.

The pieces on Vanguard BG-557, *William Byrd and His Age,* range from pleasant to very fine, and are sung and played beautifully by the counter-tenor Alfred Deller and the Wenzinger Consort of Viols of the Schola Cantorum Basiliensis.

A new company, Expériences Anonymes, begins a series called *Music of the Middle Ages* with EA-0012, *Troubadour and Trouvère Songs (XII & XIII Centuries)*. Those who find the music more interesting than I do will want to know that it is sung superbly by the counter-tenor Russell Oberlin with Seymour Barab, viol.

Purcell's *Ode for St. Cecilia's Day* (1692), on Vanguard BG-559, is a fine piece, characteristic in the boldness of its harmony and florid vocal writing, and is performed admirably by a group of excellent soloists that includes Alfred Deller and by the Ambrosian Singers and the Kalmar Chamber Orchestra under Michael Tippett's direction.

Handel's *Israel in Egypt,* with its many superb choral passages, is performed well on Angel 3550 by Sargent with the Huddersfield Choral Society, Liverpool Philharmonic and an excellent solo group comprising Elsie Morison, soprano, Monica Sinclair, contralto, and Richard Lewis, tenor.

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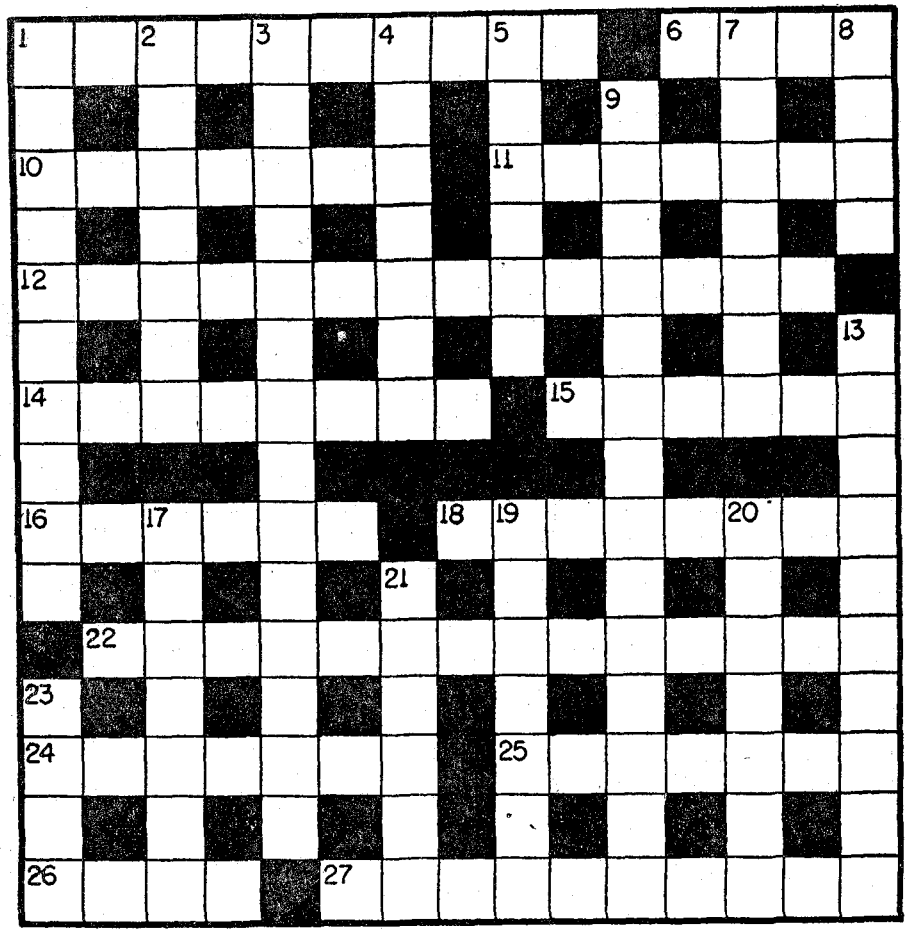
Crossword Puzzle No. 713

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 When such sort of dates cross, they should be going out. (5, 5)
6 See 5 down
10 Probably foreign if found at home, but may be different around a boat. (7).
11 Forceful way of breaking up a cattle disorder. (7)
12 Matching letters, evidently. (14)
14 A single case in position. (8)
15 Might be listed as part of the tennis match. (6)
16 If you have a burning ambition, you must have an entry. (6)
18 To do as Service did like a slave is a lot of fun for others. (8)
22 One simply can't get through with this. (Rather devilish, like a black cape!) (14)
24 A poor one might have trouble with 18. (7)
25 Drink to your better half! (The poor fish!) (7)
26 No sure way of getting 23, but a tempting suggestion. (4)
27 A stoppage of such things as a term's rent. (10)

DOWN:

1 Those who get soaked may not like them. (10)
2 Measures around the outside of a tree (with leaves, of course!) (7)
3 My silly cat eats this in a very thoroughgoing way. (14)
4 Such games are different from 18, and are much older. (7)
5 and 6 across More appealing than kleptomaniac tendencies. (6, 4)
7 Perhaps one of those of War, Confederacy, or Faith. (7)
8 But after this, it's old and windy. (Might have been all right with toast, however.) (4)
9 Subscription, no doubt, but hardly over-drawn. (14)
13 Be agreeable about a mess that seems to be a real one! (10)
17 Mimes. (7)
19 Storied kingly company, but comparatively mundane (like a shot in bars). (7)
20 A row of buzzers, with direct implications? (3-4)
21 He might have a lot of interest in 23 getting around town. (6)
23 26's employer. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO 712

ACROSS: 1 SIGHT UNSEEN; 10 AND 9 STONECHAT; 11 SIFT; 12 FROGMAN; 13 NEW MOON; 15 ISLANDER; 16 RESIDE; 18 AND 28 LAMENTABLY; 21 UNSTRAPS; 24 GRABBAG; 26 AMENITY; 29 AND 23 IRISH POTATO; 30 LOTS; 31 MUM'S THE WORD. DOWN: 2 INTEGRATE; 3 HUSBAND; 4 UPON; 5 SHEBEAR; 6 EPSOM; 7 CHARTS; 8 AFFORD; 14 PROUD; 17 STRANGLER; 19 AEROBE; 20 TOADIES; 22 SOMEHOW; 25 BAYOU; 27 SIGH.

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